SCOTT'S LADY OF THE LAKE

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SCOTT'S

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

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Walter Scott.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

BY

WALTER SCOTT

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

ELIZABETH A. PACKARD

HEAD OF ENGLISH AND HISTORY IN THE HIGH SCHOOL
AT OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

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PREFATORY NOTE

In preparing this edition the effort has been directed mainly toward two ends: to make the great-hearted man, Walter Scott, and his romantic Highland poem seem real and attractive, and to make the pupil do as much of his own thinking as possible. The notes are not to take the place of dictionary and history, but to stimulate interest and thought, while furnishing such accurate information as is not readily attainable elsewhere by the young student.

The Lady of the Lake is often the first poem studied thoroughly. Therefore it is essential that through it one may learn how to study poetry, and, still more, to discover the charm of such reading and desire to continue it.

I am indebted for many suggestions to my colleagues who teach this poem in the Oakland ninth grade, especially to Miss Annie Brown and Miss Evelyn Gilmore. Acknowledgments are also due to the editions of Professor Tufts and Dr. Rolfe.

The text adopted for this edition is that collated by Dr. Rolfe, and is here used with his courteous permission. In this text, which is certainly the most correct yet printed, numerous important misprints and misconstructions of the earlier editions have been corrected, and the whole carefully compared with all of the preceding editions.

ELIZABETH A. PACKARD.

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA,
April, 1900.

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INTRODUCTION

LIFE OF SCOTT

Some authors are best introduced to us through their writings; others are the best introduction to their writings. Of the latter class there is no more striking representative than Sir Walter Scott, poet and romancer, whose ancestral blood tingled with the poetic traditions of Bonnie Scotland, and into whose inmost being, from earliest childhood, had been breathed the romance of the Highlands.

Ancestry. — The Scotts of Harden had been famous even among border chieftains for their reckless riding and fighting, ever since the day in 1567 when "Auld Wat," sung in a hundred ballads, brought lovely Mary Scott, the "Flower of Yarrow," to his fastness at Harden Tower, by "Teviot's western strand." It is told that at the wedding feast, when the last English bullock had been devoured, this same bride of Yarrow placed on the table for dessert a dish containing a pair of new spurs. That was a graceful suggestion that the assembled guests should make no further tarrying, but provide themselves with their next dinner by means of a fresh raid. The son and heir of this worthy couple kept up his father's reputation by his forays, in one of which he was cap-

tured by Sir Gilbert Murray, and only saved from hanging upon the suggestion from the Baron's more kindly dame, that young Scott was well-to-do and the Murrays had three unmarried daughters. The prisoner immediately signed, upon a drumhead, a contract to marry the ugliest of the three, "Mickle-mouthed Meg." Their grandson, the great-grandfather of our Sir Walter, spent his energies for the banished Stuarts, instead of in lifting English cattle. Introduced in *Marmion* (Intro., Canto VI., l. 95) —

> "With amber beard and flaxen hair,
> And reverend apostolic air,"

he was called "Beardie" because, in token of his mourning for the lost cause, he refused to employ a razor until Prince Charlie should come into his own again.

With him end the wild tales of adventure; for his son was a cheery sheep-farmer, and managed his cattle exchanges legitimately, while the next of line, Walter Scott, Senior, was a city man, a plodding and prudent writer to the Signet. This sensible and somewhat formal gentleman married Miss Anne Rutherford, the well-educated and warm-hearted daughter of a professor of medicine in Edinburgh University. She became the mother of twelve children, of whom five outlived early youth. Walter, the ninth, was born on the 15th of August, 1771, in a house at the head of old College Wynd in Edinburgh.

Contemporaries. — Scott was one of the first great writers of that wonderful decade 1770–1779, which gave to the world Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Landor, Campbell, and Moore; and which saw the death of

Gray and Goldsmith. It was the decade as well when poor Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette climbed the tottering French throne; when Frederick the Great was laying firmly the foundations of modern Prussia; when Warren Hastings was securing India for the Anglo-Saxon; and when John Hancock and the Adamses, Benjamin Franklin and George Washington were launching our American Ship of State.

Childhood. — The baby soon proved to be delicate, and took his teething so hard that the resulting fever produced a lifelong lameness. So, as soon as he could toddle, he was sent to his grandfather at Sandy Knowe. The nurse, being ill-tempered to the verge of insanity, was soon discharged, and the child turned over in fair weather to the shepherds and a kindly old soldier-friend. He is pictured lying in the skin of a freshly killed sheep, on the turf among the lambs, gazing at the surrounding crags. Dryburgh Abbey, his final resting-place, fair Melrose, the stretch of Lammermoor, the purple Eildon peaks, and the distant Cheviot range, were stamped indelibly upon his inner vision. Sometimes he was forgotten, and once his aunt found the little one out in a thunder storm, clapping his hands at every flash, and shouting, "Bonny, bonny!" He is described as a winsome bairn, with bright brown hair, merry yet determined light blue eyes, the somewhat conical forehead we know so well in his portraits, and the long upper lip and expansive mouth inherited from his great-great-great-grandmother, Meg Murray. His expression was as sweet and spirited as his temper, showing the mingled depth

and vivacity of his nature. In spite of his lameness, he was throughout life exceptionally agile and fond of active sports. Eventually he attained what he calls "the greatest blessings which earth can bestow, a sound and healthy mind with a good constitution."

Education. — After his grandfather's death in 1775 Walter was sent to various health resorts, and became so much improved that at the age of seven he entered the Edinburgh high school. Before this, however, he had received stanch Presbyterian training, and, what was more to his taste, learned many a border ballad. At the high school he was a somewhat idle pupil, though, under the inspiration of the rector, Dr. Adam, he received some praise for poetical translations of Vergil and Horace. It is needless to add that the learned schoolmaster claimed for himself most of the credit for his scholar's later achievements in literature. A tutor at home instructed the children in French and church history, besides furnishing an antagonist in the endless debates where Walter was a fiery Jacobite — taking his politics "as Charles II. did his religion, from an idea that the cavalier creed was the more gentlemanlike of the two." With the schoolboys his good nature and lively story-telling made him a prime favorite.

After leaving the high school, a few months with his aunt at Kelso, one of the most picturesque spots in all Scotland, gave time to become acquainted with Spenser, the *open sesame* of so many poets, and with odd plays of Shakespeare; most of all, it was during this vacation that he discovered Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry.* Under

a spreading plane tree in his Aunt Janet's garden were born some of the brain children, that, grown to maturity, became the family whose eldest was the Minstrel of Branksome Tower, and the youngest, sad *Count Robert of Paris.*

From 1783 to 1786 Scott was in college at Edinburgh. There, as usual, he neglected the prescribed studies, to become absorbed in the acquisition of a vast amount of miscellaneous knowledge, especially knowledge concerning our older English poets, and concerning unfrequented nooks of mediæval history. On May 15, 1786, the young student was apprenticed to his father for five years, under a mutual bond of forty pounds. It was the fashion then for every youth of good parts to study for the bar or divinity, and to this rather uncongenial apprenticeship he owed much of the methodical, painstaking habit which carried him through his later years. Moreover, he made good literary capital out of the humors of the law, and found time to read fluently Spanish, Italian, and German. At this period occurred also the only interview with his one rival in the hearts of his countrymen, Robert Burns, whom he thought to resemble "a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school."

Introduction to the Highlands. — For several successive years business called Scott on trips to the Western Highlands; it was on one of these legal errands, while accompanied by six men and a sergeant who was armed with pistols and anecdotes of Rob Roy, that Walter Scott first saw Loch Katrine. And during the months when he was nominally confined within the city, every spare hour was

occupied with tramping the surrounding country in search of romance and antiquarian lore. During these years, as always, he was a social favorite, and Scotch whiskey joined with love of excitement sometimes led to a carousal — a weakness which his innate manliness soon overcame.

To the Bar. — In 1792 he was called to the Bar, practising with fair success for fourteen years. Afterwards he was Clerk of Sessions at Edinburgh and was Sheriff of Selkirkshire from 1799 to the end of his life.

Love and Marriage. — About two years before his call to the Bar, Scott offered his umbrella, at the door of Greyfriars Church, to a charming young lady. Although the umbrella was returned after the shower, the heart of the lender remained in the hold of the borrower, and for six years Scott hoped for a marriage with her. For some reason this never took place, and the lady eventually married one of his best friends. Within a year he became engaged to Mademoiselle Charpentier, the orphan of a French royalist. She was pretty and lively, and, while far from being her husband's equal, made a loving wife, braver than people expected when adversity swept away their fortune.

First Writings. — The romantic revival in Germany fascinated him, and his first writings were translations of German poems, beginning with Bürger's blood-curdling *Lenore*. Next he edited *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, which he had been collecting since his college excursions into Liddesdale. Eight hundred copies were sold within a year after its publication in 1802, and the

literary world at once recognized the promise of the book.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel. — These imitations of old ballads were the prelude to purely original work, and before *Cadyow Castle* was finished, Scott was already beginning *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.* The legend of a goblin page suggested by Lady Dalkeith (afterward Duchess of Buccleugh) became the nucleus of a great metrical romance. The author expressed his own chivalrous devotion to his friend by representing her as the Lady of Branksome, and himself as a wandering harper who sings the Lay of her house and the magic powers of his own wizard namesake, Michael Scott. The success of the poem was something marvellous. Although the plot lacks unity, and one is not entirely clear as to the precise doings of either the goblin page or William of Deloraine, there is sufficient charm in the style, the beautiful descriptive passages, and the mediæval flavor.

Marmion. — The *Lay* was followed three years later by *Marmion,* and before the end of 1815 by *The Lady of the Lake, Rokeby, The Bridal of Triermain, The Lord of the Isles,* and many lesser poems. *Marmion* is usually considered the best of all in poetic power and well-balanced, artistic construction. Much of it was composed on horseback, and one feels the gallop of the flying hoofs in its onward rush. The description of the Battle of Flodden Field is by many critics ranked second only to Homer.

The Lady of the Lake. — *The Lady of the Lake* appeared in 1810. When one knows that its price was two guineas, about ten dollars, the sale seems incredible — some two

thousand copies within a year after publication. It being just before the excursion season, all Great Britain set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, and every innkeeper and coach owner in the Trosachs made his fortune. One person alone suffered. Scott's little son came home from school badly battered and tearful. "Well, Wat," said his father, "what have you been fighting about to-day?" The boy shamefacedly muttered that he had been called a "lassie." "Indeed!" said Mrs. Scott, "this was a terrible mischief, to be sure." "You may say what you please, mamma, but I dinna think there is a waufer [shabbier] thing in the world than to be a lassie, to sit boring at a clout [patch]." It seems that some of his comrades had nicknamed him *The Lady of the Lake*, and, not knowing the reason, the little fellow had resented the insult, after the manner of his ancestors.

Later Poems. — *Rokeby* and *The Lord of the Isles* were received, and deservedly, with much less favor than their more effective predecessors. This fact, combined with the meteoric brilliancy of Lord Byron's appearance in the literary horizon, aroused in Scott the feeling that his poetic vein was exhausted. The charm of novelty having passed, it is probable that he was partially correct in this judgment so far as it concerned his romances in verse. Nevertheless some of his finest work is found in those lyrics which are embedded in the Waverley novels. Among the best of these little gems are *County Guy* (in *Quentin Durward*), Rebecca's song (in *Ivanhoe*), and *Proud Maisie*. Only one more long poem was pub-

lished, and that after five of the prose romances had taken Great Britain by storm. It was unfortunate that *Harold the Dauntless* should have been forced into comparison with Byron's *Childe Harold* by the similarity of title, although a part of the former had appeared before its rival.

Place as a Poet. — With this closes the story of Walter Scott the poet. His poetic style we will discuss later in connection with *The Lady of the Lake.* It has been the fashion often to rank him below his contemporaries, — Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Whether such will be the decision of the future remains to be determined. Subtle and complex he was not. Wordsworth's mystical communion with nature, Shelley's prophetic vision and lyric music, he had not; neither had he the marvellous command of imagination and rhythm found in Coleridge's fragments, nor the intangible felicity of phrase which draws us to Keats. He lacks Byron's resistless sweep. But was he not Byron's instructor in the metrical romance? And there is a strong sympathy with his brother man; a closeness to nature, in her Scottish haunts at least; a descriptive power often magical; and an unerring sense of that which was most human and most poetic in the past of his native land. When these qualities are combined with the smooth but spirited verse movement, we have a poet who is not far below the mighty. He is termed "the great modern troubadour," and in the poetry of action he has no rival since Shakespeare.

The Waverley Novels. — Four years after the publica-

tion of *The Lady of the Lake*, Scott completed a Jacobite story which he had commenced ten years before. This was the first of the twenty-nine romances, on which, even more than on his verse, rests Scott's fame. The popularity of *Waverley* was instantaneous, and the public never lost its enthusiasm for the successive volumes "by the author of *Waverley*." Scott did not acknowledge their parentage until 1821, the year that *Kenilworth* appeared. Still several friends were in the secret, and the disguise was always rather thin. The resemblance between his style in the novels and that in the prose introductions of the poems is so close, and the tastes shown in both are so similar, that we wonder that there should have been any mystification at all. Indeed, when *Guy Mannering* came out, James Hogg, the poet, known as the "Ettrick Shepherd," said to Professor Wilson ("Christopher North"): "I have done wi' doubts now. Colonel Mannering is just Walter Scott painted by himself."

In so brief a sketch of the poet Walter Scott, space cannot be spared for more than a glance at the Waverley Novels. There are no better companions for boys and girls, from twelve years old to seventy, than these healthy Scottish folk. Naturally their creator was most at ease in his own country with *Waverley*, *Rob Roy*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, with Jeanie Deans in *The Heart of Midlothian*, Claverhouse in *Old Mortality*, and Mary Stuart in *The Abbot*. And yet could any picture be more vivid than that of Richard the Lion-hearted in *The Talisman* and *Ivanhoe*, of Louis XI. in

Quentin Durward, or of good Queen Bess in *Kenilworth*? The critics say that Scott did not know how to paint women, being too gallant to see their weaknesses. That charge cannot apply to his queens or his peasant lassies. They say that he did not sufficiently analyze character. In these days of vivisection, it is rather a relief to be spared the too often morbidly subjective study. A third criticism has more weight — that he is not accurate historically. Neither is Shakespeare. Probably Scott's Richard I. is as historically correct as Shakespeare's Richard III. We wish that there might have been no anachronisms and that all the personages were as true to life as Dugald Dalgetty and Jeanie Deans. In matters of delicate detail Scott was weak. His was a large nature, and his canvas has the same breadth, dealing with public rather than private affairs. With due allowance for his faults, he remains one of the cleanest and most high-minded of novelists, and the one best adapted to inspire in young readers a lively interest in the exhaustless treasures of real history. Besides the writings already mentioned, and many lesser ones, he published a careful biography of Napoleon, and the charming *Tales of a Grandfather*. This latter was composed for his little invalid grandson, Johnnie Lockhart, and most of it was tried upon the child as the two took long rides side by side on horseback.

Homes. — Although Scott was born in Edinburgh, and is one of the special prides of that beautiful Northern Athens, he was too much of an out-of-doors man to make his chief home within city walls. His name is insepara-

bly connected with Abbotsford, but his poetical career was nearly completed in two earlier homes, — the cottage at Lasswade on the Esk, some six miles from Edinburgh, and Ashiestiel in Selkirkshire, to which he removed when he was made sheriff of that county In the former he settled almost immediately after marriage, and for this honeymoon cottage he made much of the furniture, including the dining table, with his own hands. While there, too, he bought the first wheeled carriage which ever entered Liddesdale. In the opening summer of this century, he and his pretty wife enjoyed many an excursion, among his favorite haunts, driving in the new phaeton, to the admiration of the natives.

In 1804, the family, now increased by three little ones, moved to Sir Walter's brother's house at Ashiestiel, situated on a brook which runs into the Tweed. One of his best bits of descriptive poetry is in the introduction to the first canto of *Marmion:* —

"November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear:
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trilled the streamlet through;
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and briar, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed."

Here he began the daily programme carried on with few variations until 1825. Rising at five, he was at his desk by six, with his papers arranged methodically before him, with his books of reference, and with at least one favorite dog at his feet. By breakfast time, between nine and ten, he said he had accomplished enough "to break the neck of the day's work." A couple of hours' more writing, and by noon he was his "own man." When the weather was stormy, he was on horseback by one o'clock, and visitors could scarcely realize the forenoon of solitary labor that had preceded. Riding, hunting, and salmon-spearing were his favorite amusements, and, lame though he was, Scott was usually the most daring of the company.

His delight in adorning the grounds of Ashiestiel increased his longing for land-ownership, and in 1812 the increase of the salary for his Clerkship of Session enabled him to buy his coveted mountain farm, five miles lower down the Tweed. To Abbotsford he owed his happiest days and some of his heaviest sorrows. The first years were unclouded, however, and the removal thither was a merry one. The loud grief of the neighbors at losing their kind friends gave way to laughter at the collection of twenty-five cartloads of furniture and antiquities, dogs, pigs, horses, poultry, fishing-rods, guns, and children. A young family of turkeys screened themselves from rude gaze in the helmet of some mediæval Lochinvar, and Scott adds, in a letter to a friend, "The very cows, for aught I know, were bearing banners and muskets." The new property was christened Abbotsford because the land formerly belonged to the Abbots of Melrose Abbey, the

exquisite ruins of which are in sight from many points of the estate. All readers of Washington Irving are familiar with his account of this handsome residence and its occupants, and no traveller in Scotland ever fails to spend some hours within its sacred enclosure. The massive structure of dark gray granite with its picturesque turrets somewhat resembles a feudal castle, and we are surprised at the air of cosy comfort within. The broad, low windows overlooking the lawn and the Tweed are as inviting as is the well-stocked armory. Through the kindness of Sir Walter's descendants, the Scott-Maxwells, we may pass through room after room filled with mementos of the great magician. The spacious and cheery library with its leather-covered seats remains just as he left it, and many a trophy of his exploits in the chase adorns the walls of the various apartments. Here was Sir Walter's abiding-place for the remainder of his days, except for some seasons on Castle Street, Edinburgh, and an occasional journey; and here he died on a bright autumn day in 1832, with the ripple of the river singing a soft requiem.

Friends. — The same traits which made the schoolboy so great a favorite with his mates in the Edinburgh high school, won for him the lasting friendships of his maturer years. Every one loved him, from Tom Purdie, his devoted body-servant, up (or down) to his Majesty George IV. Wordsworth, the poet, was a life-long friend, and many tales are told at Grasmere of Scott's visits to his brother author at Dove Cottage. It was the most brilliant period in the literary life of Scotland, and almost all of the

philosophers and reviewers of the time belonged to one or another of the literary clubs of which Scott was a leading member. In 1820 he was made President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and it is of interest to know also that, when *Quentin Durward* was published three years later, he had just been elected a member of "The Club" of clubs. That means, of course, the one which still flourishes in London, and which was established at the Turk's Head by Dr. Samuel Johnson and his friends, Burke, Reynolds, Goldsmith, and the others.

Both Abbotsford and the house on Castle Street were filled with guests. Among them Scott was always the same genial host and sensible, manly conversationalist. Perhaps the best known of his intimate friends is "Willie" Laidlaw. This old acquaintance had lost his property, and Scott gave him a cottage near Abbotsford. Ever after Mr. Laidlaw was his principal literary helper and trusted assistant in all things. Sir Walter's relations to his dependants, including the humblest, were as kindly, even to familiarity, as his own political principles were aristocratic. In 1820 a baronetcy was conferred upon him as a personal gift of friendship from the King.

No account of his friends is complete without reference to his cats, dogs, and ponies. Mettlesome Brown Adam could be mounted by no one except his owner. Sybil Grey and the Covenanter were later boon companions. Every one knows his dogs. Maida, to whom he raised a marble slab, was the "Bevis" of *Woodstock*. When Camp, the deerhound, died, Sir Walter declined a pre

viously accepted invitation to dinner on the score of the "death of an old friend." When he failed financially, one of his chief anxieties was lest his four-footed pets and his servants should not be comfortably provided for in their old age. The magnificent monument in Edinburgh, opposite the Old Waverley Hotel, is covered with statues of different personages in his novels; but the place of honor, beside the seated master under the canopy of exquisite marble, is occupied by one of these loved dogs.

Financial Affairs. — With the free-handed generosity of his temperament, it was natural that Scott should always have been inclined to spend money before he had earned it. As Abbotsford grew, his ambitions grew still faster, until only a princely fortune could satisfy them. It is a matter of regret to his lovers that he should have cared more to possess a great manorial estate and to have placed upon his tomb, "Walter Scott, Baronet," than to be known as "The Magician of the North." But it was so. During his prosperous years money poured in so lavishly from his romances that the supply seemed inexhaustible and was constantly overdrawn. A most unfortunate partnership was formed with two brothers named Ballantyne, one of whom had been an old schoolfellow; the other was none too honest; all three lacked judgment regarding the merits of most books except Scott's own, and brought out many unsalable works. In 1825 came the crash, precipitated by the failure of the Constables, his other publishers. Scott refused to shield himself behind the bankrupt law, and, rising to his full height, said to his creditors: "Gentlemen, time and I against any two

Let me take this good ally into company and I believe I shall be able to pay you every farthing." In three years he paid back £40,000, and when he died, his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, completed the task, seeing that every farthing then due was paid within fifteen years after Scott's death.

Further Troubles. — No soldier ever showed himself braver in battle than was Sir Walter during the seven years in which he struggled to pay off the whole £117,000, more than half a million dollars. To these years might be applied even more truly the words used concerning the writing of *Waverley* by a young student who roomed in Edinburgh, across the street from the untiring author. "I have been watching that hand," he said; "it fascinates my eye; it never stops; page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of manuscript, and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be until candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night, — I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books." "Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk, probably," exclaimed a listener, "or some giddy youth in our society." "No, boys," interrupted the host, "I well know what hand it is — 'tis Walter Scott's."

The blow to his pride was perhaps hardest of all. But other afflictions followed quickly. His wife died within a few months; his daughter Anne was far from well; then his own health began to fail, and the dogged labor brought on paralysis. His publishers reproached him because the old witchery seemed to have departed, and he blamed himself because his numbed brain could create no more novels

like the early ones. But through it all, courage and faith in God never left the dying hero.

The End. — In 1831 he was taken to the Continent for his health. Immediately before his departure he was visited by Wordsworth, and the two spent a day on the banks of Yarrow. The following lines are taken from *Yarrow Revisited*, written by the English poet in memory of that occasion: —

"For thee, O Scott! compelled to change
Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot,
For warm Vesuvio's vine-clad slopes,
And leave thy Tweed and Teviot
For mild Sorrento's breezy waves,
May classic fancy, linking
With native fancy her fresh aid,
Preserve thy heart from sinking.

"Oh! while they minister to thee,
Each vying with the other,
May Health return to mellow age,
With Strength, her venturous brother;
* * * * *
For thou, upon a hundred streams,
By tales of love and sorrow,
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,
Hast shed the power of Yarrow."

The next March occurred the death of his admired contemporary, Goethe; this made him the more impatient to return to Abbotsford before his own approaching end. He reached the Tweed, to be met there by Mr. Laidlaw and the welcoming dogs.

For a little he revived, and lingered two months more

His last conscious words, an epitome of his whole life, were to his son-in-law and biographer, John Gibson Lockhart: "Lockhart, I may have but a moment to speak to you. My dear, be a good man — be virtuous — be religious — be virtuous — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." Then, being asked if his two daughters, Sophia and Anne, should be sent for, he replied: "No, don't disturb them. Poor souls, I know they were up all night. God bless you all!" Four days later, September 21, 1832, he passed away from earth, and on the 26th the funeral cortège wound over the hills, bearing the body to the tomb of his ancestors, within the imposing ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, under the caressing branches of the grand old trees, which help to make the place one of the most beautiful in Great Britain. The Tweed flowing by is now spanned by a little suspension foot-bridge, and the sloping banks are a bower of wild roses, "falling in streamers green."

One July day the writer of this little sketch entered the railway carriage at St. Boswells, with hands full of the fragrant sweetbrier, which the old coachman had culled during our absence at the Abbey. A gentle lady and her daughter were already in the compartment. Some of the roses naturally soon found their way to the white-haired mother, and, before reaching Hawick, we learned that the ladies dwelt at the Duke of Buccleugh's castle, the Branksome Tower where the Last Minstrel chanted his Lay. "You must have just come from Dryburgh," exclaimed the daughter, "for no roses grow anywhere else as fine and sweet-scented as these of

Dryburgh Abbey!" The fragrance of the wild roses was a fitting ending to our day at the home and the burial-place of Walter Scott, for, eighty-five years before, he sang, —

> "O wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
> I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave;
> Emblem of hope and love through future years!"
> — *The Lady of the Lake.* Prelude to Canto IV.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

The Lady of the Lake, the third and most universally popular of Scott's long poems, was first published, as has been said above, in 1810, and produced, within two years, the astonishing sum of £10,000. Little need be remarked here of its various editions. The fertility and fluency of its author prevented him from taking much time for revision. Many errors crept into earlier editions, but they were seldom serious. We have followed in the main the scholarly text of Dr. William J. Rolfe, who has carefully collated the various copies and original manuscript.

The Lady of the Lake is a versified romance in six cantos, each canto being introduced by a short prelude, and relieved by one or more songs. The action of each canto covers one day, so that the whole is included within a week. The scene is laid in the Highlands of Western Perthshire, between Stirling Castle and Loch Lomond. The territory can be easily traversed in a single day by the tourist. It was this poem which introduced the region to the public, and made it the best-known moun-

tain district in the world, with the possible exception of that around Lake Lucerne in Switzerland. To the latter it is far inferior in grandeur, but superior in the charm of its association, owing to Sir Walter's pen. The story of the Knight incognito, James Fitz-James, and his acquaintance with fair Ellen, daughter of the banished Douglas, is so easily followed that it would be unkind to mar the reader's pleasure by revealing it.

Criticisms. — Charming as is the narrative, it has called forth some adverse criticisms. R. H. Hutton terms it a novelette in verse, without the higher and broader characteristics of Scott's prose novels. He adds: "I suppose what one expects from a poem as distinguished from a [prose] romance — even though the poem incorporates a story — is that it should not rest for the chief interest on the mere development of the story; but rather that the narrative should be quite subordinate to that insight into the deeper side of life and manners, in expressing which poetry has so great an advantage over prose. Of *The Lay* and *Marmion* this is true; less true of *The Lady of the Lake.*" It seems to us, nevertheless, that the critic's partiality for *Marmion* inclines him to be too severe toward the quiet sister. And "insight into the deeper side of life" was never the aim of our modern troubadour, but to tell an interesting story in an interesting way. The mode of versification affords opportunity for expression often careless and sometimes slipshod, and Scott's peculiar genius did not take the form of either deep thought or intense feeling, although we find the latter in some of his prose romances.

Characters. — The characters in *The Lady of the Lake*, while presented somewhat superficially, are very pleasing. The relations between Ellen and the father are models for imitation. "Their mutual affection and solicitude, their pride in each other's excellencies, the parent's regret at the obscurity to which fate has doomed his child, and the daughter's self-devotion to her father's welfare and safety constitute the highest interest of the poem, and that which is most uniformly sustained." The above is quoted from the evidence given by the critic who first publicly declared that the man who described the love between Isaac and Rebecca, David Deans and his daughter, Sir Duncan Campbell and his child, and a score of others, must be the same who wrote *The Lady of the Lake* and *Rokeby*. Snowdoun's Knight is a gallant stranger, Roderick Dhu and Malcolm Graeme bring out each other's values, the old minstrel and Dame Margaret win our sympathies from the start, while the lesser persons have each a distinct, even if slight, individuality.

Versification. — The poem is written in fluent iambic tetrameter, xa xa xa xa, with an occasional trochee, as, —

"Ónward | amíd | the cópse | 'gan péep."

The rhyme is in couplets, sometimes extended to complete the sense, as,—

"Thus up the margin of the Lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take."

Scott felt that this was the best measure for the tales, having much of the smoothness of the heroic couplet, less monotony, and a more rapid movement.

All introductions are in the standard Spenserian stanza, so called because first used by Edmund Spenser, author of the *Faerie Queene*. The additional foot in the closing line of each stanza gives a lingering effect especially adapted to imitate the harp accompaniment.

No two of the songs are constructed exactly alike, and it will be pleasant for the student to observe the means by which each carries out the feeling of the singer. Compare, for instance, the sad martial melody of, —

> "Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
> Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,"

with its hint of muffled drum beat, with the triumphant shout, —

> "Hail to the chief who in triumph advances,
> Honored and blest be the evergreen Pine!"

> "Loud should Clan-Alpine then
> Ring from her deepmost glen,
> Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho, ieroe!"

Then the joyous ballad of *Alice Brand*, —

> "Merry it is in the good greenwood,
> When the mavis and merle are singing,
> When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
> And the hunter's horn is ringing."

Beauties. — Next to the interest of the story the charm of the poem lies in its description. Scott himself said

of it, "The force of *The Lay* is thrown on style, of *Marmion* on description, and of *The Lady of the Lake* on incident." The verdict of Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, is usually considered final. "It is more polished in its diction, and more regular in its versification; the story is constructed with infinitely more skill and address; there is a greater proportion of pleasing and tender passages with much less antiquarian detail; and upon the whole, a larger variety of characters, more artfully and judiciously contrasted. There is nothing so fine, perhaps, as the battle in *Marmion*, or so picturesque as some of the scattered sketches in *The Lay;* but there is a richness and a spirit in the whole piece which does not pervade either of those poems, — a profusion of incident and a shifting brilliancy of coloring that reminds us of the witchery of Ariosto, and a constant elasticity and occasional energy which seems to belong more peculiarly to the author now before us." Such passages as the picturing of the glen at sunset in the first canto, of Ellen in the same, of the gathering and preparation of the Fiery Cross in the third, of the parting of Roderick Dhu and James Fitz-James, and of the sports at Stirling in the fifth, are of rare excellence. In narration the Combat and the Battle of Beal' an Duine are second only to the account of Flodden Field in *Marmion*. Lockhart tells how *The Lady of the Lake* first reached a company of Scotch soldiers in Spain during the Napoleonic wars. They were exposed at the time to the fire of the enemy. The men were made to lie at full length on the earth, while the captain, himself kneeling, read aloud the

description of that battle of Beal' an Duine. All danger was forgotten, and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza, when the French shot struck the bank close above them. Again, this poem is one of Scott's titles to be called "the poet of association." Every bank, glen, and stream, as well as every old ruin, held him, not only by its intrinsic beauty, but also by every possible legend or adventure that could be suggested by it.

Purpose and Conclusion. — It is the fashion nowadays to seek for some underlying "criticism of life" in every bit of literature. Sir Walter lived before it became necessary that even a poetic tale should have a purpose. Besides, he was not that sort of man. He preferred to take you with him on a ramble or a gallop in the invigorating breezes of his beloved Highlands, and introduce you to all the fascinating people along the road. If you prefer to sit indoors by the fire and moralize, it is no concern of his. Perhaps, after all, the tonic of the Trosachs may be more healthful to soul as well as to body. Best of all it may be, to have spent these hours with eyes wider open than before to the flowers and the sunrise glory, in the companionship of a great-minded Man who was to the day of his death a frank, warm-hearted, unspoiled Boy.

CHIEF WRITINGS OF SCOTT

I. Translations, 1795–1800.

II. Ballads, 1800–1819.

Eve of St. John	1800
Border Minstrelsy	1802–1803
Cadyow Castle	1802

III. Long Poems.

The Lay of the Last Minstrel	1805
Marmion	1808
The Lady of the Lake	1810
Vision of Don Roderick	1811
Rokeby	1812
The Bridal of Triermain	1813
The Lord of the Isles	1815

IV. Waverley Novels.

Waverley	1814
Guy Mannering	1815
The Antiquary	1816
The Black Dwarf	1816
Old Mortality	1816
Rob Roy	1818
The Heart of Mid-Lothian	1818
The Bride of Lammermoor	1819
The Legend of Montrose	1819
Ivanhoe	1820
The Monastery	1820
The Abbot	1820
Kenilworth	1821
The Pirate	1822
The Fortunes of Nigel	1822
Peveril of the Peak	1823
Quentin Durward	1823
St. Ronan's Well	1824
Redgauntlet	1824
The Betrothed	1825
The Talisman	1825
Woodstock	1826
The Two Drovers	1827
The Highland Widow	1827
The Surgeon's Daughter	1827
The Fair Maid of Perth	1828
Anne of Geierstein	1829

	Count Robert of Paris	1831
	Castle Dangerous	1831
V.	Tales of a Grandfather . .	1827–30
	Life of Napoleon	1827

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

Scott's Life and Works.	Literature.	History.
1771. Aug. 15, born.		George III., king.
1775.	Charles Lamb born.	American Revolution.
1776.		Declaration of Independence of United States of America.
1778. Entered Edinburgh High School.		
1785. Entered University of Edinburgh.	De Quincey born.	
1787.	Burns, *Songs*.	Constitution of United States of America formed.
1788.		Trial of Warren Hastings.
1789.		Washington, President of United States of America.
1789–92.		French Revolution.
1790.	Franklin died.	
1792. The Bar.	Shelley born.	
1795.	Carlyle, Keats, born.	Napoleonic wars
1797. Married.		
1798.	Wordsworth and Coleridge, *Lyrical Ballads*.	
1799. Sheriff of Selkirkshire.		Washington died.
1800.	Macaulay born.	
1801.		Jefferson, President of United States of America.
1802. *Border Minstrelsy*.		

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE — *Continued*

Scott's Life and Works.	Literature.	History.
1803.	Emerson born.	Louisiana Purchase
1805. *Lay of Last Minstrel.*		
1806. Clerk of Session.		
1807.	Longfellow born.	
1808. *Marmion.*		
1809.	Tennyson born.	Lincoln born.
1810. *Lady of the Lake.*		
1811. Bought Abbotsford.	Thackeray born.	
1812.	Browning, Dickens, born.	Moscow burned.
	Byron, *Childe Harold.*	War of 1812.
1814. *Waverley*		
1815. *Guy Mannering.*		Battle of Waterloo.
		Holy Alliance.
1818. *Rob Roy.*		
1819. *Bride of Lammermoor.*	Kingsley, Ruskin, Lowell.	
1820. *Kenilworth.*	"George Eliot," born.	Missouri Compromise.
	Bryant, *Thanatopsis.*	
	Irving, *Sketch Book.*	
	Keats, *Eve of St. Agnes.*	
	Shelley, *To a Skylark.*	
1821.	Cooper, *The Spy.*	
	Keats died.	
1822.	Matthew Arnold born.	
	Shelley died.	
1823. *Quentin Durward.*		
1824.	Byron died.	
1825. Bankruptcy.	Macaulay, *Essay on Milton.*	Greek struggle for independence.
1827. *Life of Napoleon.*		
1828. *Woodstock.*		Catholic emancipation in England.
1830.	Tennyson, *Poems.*	
1831. *Count Robert of Paris.*	Whittier, *Poems.*	Webster's debate with Hayne in United States Senate.
Castle Dangerous.	Poe, *Poems.*	
1832. Sept. 21, died.		English struggle to pass Reform Bill.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

The following suggestions may be of aid to students who have no regular instructor, and to teachers of little experience with this poem. The others are requested to omit what must necessarily seem trite or obvious.

The young reader seldom takes much interest in the biography of an author whose works are as yet untried. Scott and Wordsworth are notable exceptions; neither of them can be properly appreciated without a knowledge of the conditions which made the man. So it is best to become acquainted at the beginning with the man, Sir Walter Scott. All later accounts of his life are necessarily mere abstracts of the voluminous compendium by Lockhart. Of abridgments the best seems to be that by R. H. Hutton in the *English Men of Letters* Series.

Next, one needs to know the romantic past of Scotland. *The Tales of a Grandfather* supply this knowledge in fascinating form. Then we need to know the country, and, fortunately, photographs are plenty and cheap. The schoolroom should be lined with them. If the school owns a stereopticon, the study of the poem may well be preceded and followed by an illustrated talk, from some one who has been in the Trosachs and knows how to tell about them. We knew one class that interrupted the delighted lecturer repeatedly by impromptu concert recitation of the appropriate verses. Bits of heather and foxglove are a help. The map may be enlarged for chart or blackboard, and all places located thereon.

Some teachers find it desirable to read a canto through

first for the narrative only, and then study it in detail; others would keep the two *pari passu*. We prefer the former method, always limiting it to a single canto, and following the minute study by a continuous reading aloud, for pleasure and as a test of comprehension. Very early, attention may be called to the verse movement as an expression of feeling. Whether or not there should be any formal naming of the iambus, trochee, or other technicalities, depends entirely upon the stage in the school course when this poem is taken. Try to reproduce the atmosphere, the connection between the mouldering Harp of the North, and this tale of the days of chivalry. Keep the opening scenes in view until Glenartney and Loch Katrine seem as real as the daily walk to school, and you feel with Scott's huntsman-auditor that, "it was a shame to let such fine dogs take to the water when heated; they would certainly be ruined." Describe orally and in writing the different characters, and be on the watch to discover how natural scenery is made to furnish an effective background for the human beings and their adventures.

If *The Lady of the Lake* be the first long poem used for genuine literary study, as is often the case, two things are of vital importance: that the appetite should be whetted for more poetry, and that the pupil should learn how to study poetry. To secure scholarly work and at the same time give a lasting taste for this most perfect form of literary art is no easy undertaking, though experience proves that both can be done successfully, provided the effort be made before the pupil has outgrown the period when romantic action appeals to him.

With students in the upper grammar or lower high school grades there is much difficulty in grasping the meaning of inverted sentences. So daily drill is useful at the beginning in changing the verses into prose order, and in substituting prose synonyms. One should decide whether any other expression would answer the purpose equally well. Scott is no such word artist as Keats or Tennyson, still his choice is usually apt. Allusions may be looked up and some attention paid to figures of speech. Yet Scott's imagery is too clear and straightforward to require much analysis, and we may agree that to most students no allusion or figure of speech is of any value except as it illuminates the thought. After the student has done all these things and formed his own interpretation, let him study the notes for correction and for further information. And then let him read the assigned portion aloud once more thoughtfully, trying to see the picture through the author's eyes. When a canto has been gone over in the manner extensively and intensively, the topic of each stanza may be ascertained and the story of the whole canto reduced to a scale. This last is most desirable because untrained writers have so little sense of proportion, and put so much timber into their underpinning that often none is left for the roof.

The above are general hints. Others will appear among the notes. Two more we will offer now. Commit to memory from time to time as much as can be done without its becoming a burdensome task. Finally, complete the study by writing compositions to be illustrated by water-color sketches or pen and ink drawings. List of

themes for oral and written composition is given here, and the instructor will think of others. And let the results be the pupils' very best attainment.

Outside Reading. — It is well to read either *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* or *Marmion* at home after this poem has been completed and then let the two be compared. We hope also that the student will not rest until he has come under the spell of Scott's prose romances. *The Abbot* is a natural sequel to *The Lady of the Lake*, but probably *Ivanhoe*, *The Talisman*, or *Kenilworth* would be a more attractive introduction.

THEMES FOR ORAL AND WRITTEN COMPOSITION

Suggested by *The Lady of the Lake*

I. Biographical.
1. A Day at Abbotsford with Scott.
2. A Day in the Highlands with Scott.
3. Conversation between Scott and Irving.
4. If I could have seen Walter Scott.

II. Historical.
1. James V. and his Daughter Mary.
2. The Douglas Family.
3. Monarchs who travelled in Disguise.
4. Mediæval Warfare.
5. Mediæval Minstrelsy.
6. Robin Hood and his Merry Men.

III. Descriptive.
1. Some Familiar Bit of Mountain Scenery.
2. A Field-day, a Boat Race, etc.
3. Based on the Games in Canto V.
4. Loch Katrine and its Environs.

5. Sunrise on Loch Katrine.
6. Sunset in the Trosachs.
7. Moonlight on Loch Katrine.
8. The Goblin Cave and its Inmates.
9. The Meetings of James and Ellen.
10. The Departure of James from the Island.
11. The Death of Duncan.
12. The Wedding at Saint Bride's.
13. Clan Alpine's Men in Martial Array.
14. Death of Murdoch.
15. Meeting of James with Blanche.
16. Roderick Dhu and his Stranger-guest at Supper.
17. The Games.
18. Morning in the Court of Guard.
19. Ellen at the Court of the King.

IV. NARRATIVE.

1. The Chase.
2. Abstracts of Cantos.
3. The Path of the Fiery Cross.
4. The Combat.
5. The Battle.
6. Abstract of Entire Poem.

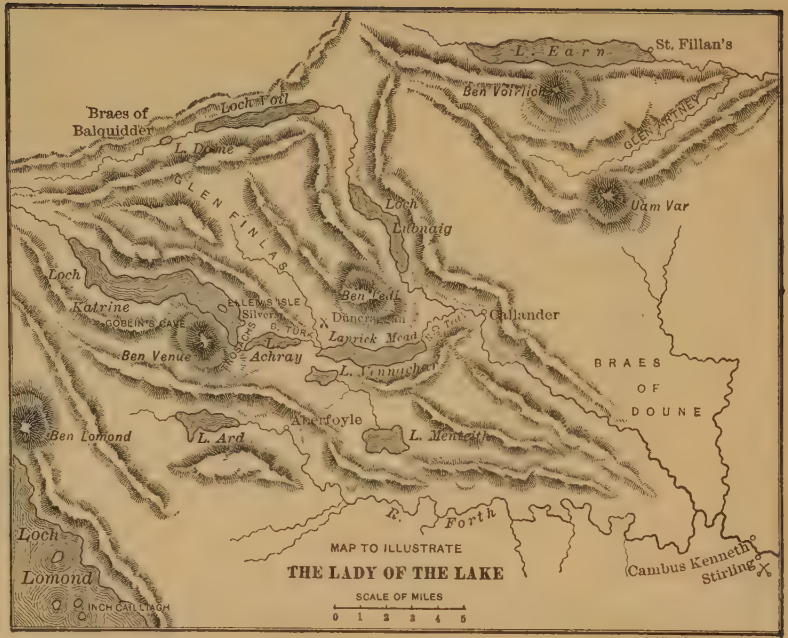
V. CRITICAL.

1. Character Sketches of the Chief Personages.
2. Ellen and Evangeline.
3. James and the Black Knight. (*Ivanhoe.*)
4. Songs in *The Lady of the Lake.*
5. Scott's Use of Natural Scenery compared with Tennyson's (or Longfellow's, or Milton's).
6. Explanation of Selected Figures of Speech.
7. Scott as a Story-teller.
8. Scott's Use of Color.
9. Are we Less Courteous than the Highlanders?

VI. IMAGINATIVE.

1. Preparing for the Chase.
2. Ellen's Life Previous to her Father's Exile.

3. Other Adventures of James in Disguise.
4. An Evening at Ellen's Isle.
5. The Life of Allan-bane.
6. Lufra's Account of the Games.
7. A Glimpse of Ellen at Holyrood after her Marriage.
8. An Original Ballad.
9. "And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
   Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along."



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THE LADY OF THE LAKE

CANTO FIRST

THE CHASE

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
  On the °witch-elm that shades °Saint Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy °numbers flung,
  Till °envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
  O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
  Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of °Caledon,
  Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
  Aroused the fearful or subdued the proud.
At each °according pause was heard aloud
  Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed;
  For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's matchless eye.

O, wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O, wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again.

I

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on °Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone °Glenartney's hazel shade;
But when the sun his °beacon red
Had kindled on °Benvoirlich's head,
The °deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II

°As Chief, who hears his warder call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader proud and high
Tossed his °beamed frontlet to the sky;
A moment gazed °adown the dale,

A moment snuffed the °tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared.
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of °Uam-Var.

III

°Yelled on the view the °opening pack;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices joined the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,
The falcon, from her °cairn on high,
Cast on the rout a wandering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing °ken
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and °linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

IV

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,

And roused the cavern where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed perforce,
Was fain to °breathe his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near;
So °shrewdly on the mountain-side
Had the bold °burst their mettle tried.

V

The noble stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair °Menteith.
With anxious eye he wandered o'er
Mountain and meadow, °moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil,
By far °Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood gray
That waved and wept on °Loch Achray,
And mingled with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigor with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

VI

°'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
°As swept the hunt through Cambusmore;
What reins were tightened in despair,

When rose Benledi's ridge in air;
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith, —
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar;
And when the °Brigg of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

VII

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel;
For jaded now, and spent with toil,
°Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring stag strained full in view.
Two dogs of black °Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds stanch;
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry °strain.
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

VIII

The hunter marked that °mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the stag must turn to bay,

Where that huge rampart barred the way;
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound and death-halloo
Mustered his breath, his °whinyard drew: —
But thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And °turned him from the opposing rock;
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and Hunter's ken,
In the deep °Trosachs' wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.
There, while close °couched the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass °amain,
°Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

IX

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labors o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more;
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
"I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of °Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed

On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
"Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

X

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,
The sulky leaders of the chase;
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream,
Round and around the sounds were cast,
Till echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the Hunter hied his way,
To join some comrades of the day,
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it showed.

XI

"The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell

Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The °native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the °tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain
The rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of Eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dewdrop °sheen,
The brier-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

XII

°Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each clift a narrow °bower;
°Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain.
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;

Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And, higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
°Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet, still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,
Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
And farther as the Hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

XIV

°And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb with footing °nice
A far-projecting precipice.
The °broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of °living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light,
And mountains that like giants stand
To °sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;
A °wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

XV

From the steep promontory gazed
The stranger, raptured and amazed,
And, "What a scene was here," he cried,
"For princely pomp or churchman's pride!

On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow far away,
The turrets of a °cloister gray;
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide on the lake the lingering morn!
How sweet at eve the lover's lute
Chime when the groves were still and mute!
And when the midnight moon °should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy °matins' distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
°To drop a bead with every knell!
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast and lighted hall.

XVI

"Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now — °beshrew yon nimble deer —
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.
Yet pass we that; the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place; —
A summer night in greenwood spent
Were but to-morrow's merriment:
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found;

To meet with Highland plunderers here
Were worse than loss of steed or deer. —
I am alone; — my bugle-strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried."

XVII

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged °oak
That slanted from the islet °rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touched this °silver strand
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian °Naiad of the strand.

XVIII

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown, —
The °sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of °courtly grace
To °measured mood had trained her pace, —
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue, —
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear!

XIX

A °chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin °snood, her silken °plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined

Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine in her mirror blue
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance °confessed
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
Or tale of injury called forth
°The indignant spirit of the North.
°One only passion unrevealed
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt the flame; —
O, need I tell that passion's name?

XX

Impatient of the silent horn,
Now on the gale her voice was borne: —
"Father!" she cried; the rocks around
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
Awhile she paused, no answer came; —
"Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the name
Less resolutely uttered fell,
The echoes could not catch the swell.
"A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar
Pushed her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gained between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen: —

So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to °prune his ruffled wing.
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens °wont to fly.

XXI

°On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth;
°Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
Of hasty love or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast in manly mould
For hardy sports or contest bold;
And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
And weaponless except his blade,
His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armor trode the shore.
°Slighting the petty need he showed,
He told of his benighted road;
His ready speech flowed fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy,
Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland
Less used to sue than to command.

XXII

Awhile the maid the stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at length replied,

That Highland halls were °open still
To wildered wanderers of the hill.
"Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home;
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a °couch was pulled for you;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
And our broad nets have swept the °mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer."—
"Now, by the °rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has erred," he said;
"No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, °fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand
I found a fay in fairy land!"—

XXIII

"I well believe," the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side,—
"I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;
But yet, °as far as °yesternight,
Old Allan-bane °foretold your plight,—
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.
He saw your steed, a °dappled gray,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,

Your hunting-suit of °Lincoln green,
That tasselled horn so gayly gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron plumage trim,
And you two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be
To grace a guest of fair degree; 47c
But light I held his prophecy,
And deemed it was my father's horn
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

XXIV

The stranger smiled: — "Since to your home
A destined °errant-knight I come,
Announced by prophet °sooth and old,
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I'll lightly front each high °emprise
For one kind glance of those bright eyes.
Permit me first the task to guide 48c
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."
The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,
The toil unwonted saw him try;
For seldom, sure, if e'er before,
His noble hand had grasped an oar:
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew,
And o'er the lake the shallop flew;
With heads erect and whimpering cry,
The hounds behind their passage ply.
Nor °frequent does the bright oar break 49c
The darkening mirror of the lake,
Until the °rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

XXV

The stranger viewed the shore around;
'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain maiden showed
A clambering unsuspected road,
That °winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
°Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

XXVI

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees overhead
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne.

Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and °Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favored flower
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy °plant could bear
Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
An instant in this porch she stayed, 53c
And gayly to the stranger said:
"On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!"

XXVII

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee!" —
He crossed the threshold, — and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
When on the floor he saw displayed, 54c
Cause of the din, a naked blade
Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;
For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung °trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting-spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died, 55c
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;

Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth °tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

XXVIII

The wondering stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised: —
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
And as the brand he poised and swayed,
"I never knew but one," he said,
"Whose stalwart arm might °brook to wield
A blade like this in battle-field."
She sighed, then smiled and took the word:
"You see the guardian champion's sword;
As light it trembles in his hand
As in my grasp a hazel wand:
My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of °Ferragus or Ascabart,
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now, and menials old."

XXIX

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame,
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, °though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.

Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked his birth and name.
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That °fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
At length his rank the stranger names,
"The Knight of °Snowdoun, James Fitz-James;
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And he, God °wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning with Lord Moray's train
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer,
Lost his good steed, and wandered here."

XXX

Fain would the Knight in turn °require
The name and state of Ellen's sire.
Well showed the elder lady's mien
That courts and cities she had seen;
Ellen, though more her looks displayed
The simple grace of sylvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Showed she was come of gentle race.
'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,

Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turned all inquiry light away: —
"Weird women we! by dale and down
We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast;
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing."
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Filled up the symphony between.

XXXI

SONG

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come

At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the °bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

XXXII

She paused, — then, blushing, led the lay,
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The °cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

SONG CONTINUED

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumbrous °spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé."

XXXIII

The hall was cleared, — the stranger's bed,
Was there of mountain heather spread,

Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And °dreamed their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
°In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes:
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honor's lost.
Then, — from my couch may heavenly **might**
Chase that worst phantom of the night! —
Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident, undoubting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view, —
O were his senses false or true?
Dreamed he of death or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?

XXXIV

At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seemed to walk and speak of love;
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,

And a cold gauntlet met his grasp:
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes,
The °grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore. —
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the stranger fixed his eye
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom
Wasted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm;
The °aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse, —
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast: —
"Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?

Can I not mountain maiden spy,
But she must bear the °Douglas eye?
Can I not view a Highland °brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fevered dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?
I'll dream no more, — by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resigned.
My midnight orisons said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."
His midnight °orisons he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold,
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
And sunk in undisturbed repose,
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And °morning dawned on Benvenue.

CANTO SECOND

THE ISLAND

I

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;
And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a °minstrel gray,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
°Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-haired Allan-bane!

II

SONG

°"Not faster yonder rowers' might
Flings from their oars the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days;
Then, stranger, go! good speed the while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

"High place to thee in royal court,
High place in °battled line,
Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport!
Where beauty sees the brave resort,
The honored meed be thine!
True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
And lost in love's and friendship's smile
Be memory of the lonely isle!

III

SONG CONTINUED

"But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping °crest and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
Pine for his Highland home;
Then, warrior, then be thine to show
The care that soothes a wanderer's woe;
Remember then thy °hap °erewhile,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

"Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee in the lonely isle."

IV

As died the sounds upon the tide,
The shallop reached the mainland side,
And ere his onward way he took,
The stranger cast a lingering look,
Where easily his eye might reach
The Harper on the islet beach,
°Reclined against a blighted tree,
As wasted, gray, and worn as he.
To minstrel meditation given,
His °reverend brow was raised to heaven,
°As from the rising sun to claim
A sparkle of inspiring flame.
His hand, reclined upon the wire,
Seemed watching the awakening fire;
So still he sat as those who wait
Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one lock of hoary hair;
So still, °as life itself were fled
In the last sound his harp had sped.

V

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
Beside him Ellen sat and smiled. —
Smiled she to see the stately drake
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
While her vexed spaniel from the beach
Bayed at the prize beyond his reach?
Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,
Why deepened on her cheek the rose? —
Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!

Perchance the maiden smiled to see
Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
And stop and turn to wave anew;
And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
Condemn the heroine of °my lyre,
Show me the °fair would scorn to spy
And prize such conquest of her eye!

VI

While yet he loitered on the spot,
It seemed as Ellen marked him not;
But when he turned him to the glade,
One courteous parting sign she made;
And after, oft the knight would say,
That not when °prize of festal day
Was dealt him by the brightest fair
Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
So highly did his bosom swell
As at that simple mute farewell.
Now with a trusty mountain-guide,
And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
He °parts, — the maid, unconscious still,
Watched him wind slowly round the hill;
But when his stately form was hid,
The guardian in her bosom chid, —
"Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!"
'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said, —
"Not so had Malcolm idly hung
On the smooth phrase of Southern tongue;
Not so had Malcolm strained his eye
Another step than thine to spy." —
"Wake, Allan-bane," aloud she cried
To the old minstrel by her side, —

"Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
I'll give thy harp heroic theme,
And warm thee with a noble name;
Pour forth the glory of the °Græme!"
Scarce from her lip the word had rushed,
When deep the conscious maiden blushed;
For of his clan, in hall and bower,
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

VII

The minstrel waked his harp, — three times
Arose the well-known °martial chimes,
And thrice their high heroic pride
In melancholy murmurs died.
"Vainly thou bidst, O noble maid,"
Clasping his withered hands, he said,
"Vainly thou bidst me wake the strain,
Though all °unwont to bid in vain.
Alas! than mine a mightier hand
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned!
I touch the chords of joy, but low
And mournful answer notes of woe;
And the proud march which victors tread
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.
O, well for me, if mine alone
That dirge's deep prophetic tone!
If, as my °tuneful fathers said,
This harp, which °erst °Saint Modan swayed,
Can thus its master's fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII

"But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed,
The eve thy sainted mother died;

And such the sounds which, while I strove
To wake a lay of war or love,
Came marring all the festal mirth,
Appalling me who gave them birth,
And, disobedient to my call,
Wailed loud through °Bothwell's bannered hall,
°Ere Douglases, to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven. —
O! if yet worse mishap and woe
My master's house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair
Brood in these accents of despair,
No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final strain shall flow,
Fraught with unutterable woe,
Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die!"

IX

Soothing she answered him: "Assuage,
Mine honored friend, the fears of age;
All melodies to thee are known
That harp has rung or pipe has blown,
In Lowland vale or Highland glen,
From °Tweed to Spey — what marvel, then,
At times unbidden notes should rise,
Confus lly bound in memory's ties,
Entangling, as they rush along,
The war-march with the funeral song? —
Small ground is now for boding fear;
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.
My sire, in native virtue great,

Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
Not then to fortune more resigned
Than yonder oak might give the wind;
The graceful °foliage storms may °reave,
The noble °stem they cannot grieve.
For me" — she stooped, and, looking round,
Plucked a blue harebell from the ground, —
"For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower that loves the lea
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the King's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

X

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
Wiled the old Harper's mood away.
With such a look as hermits throw,
When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
He gazed, till fond regret and pride
Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied:
"Loveliest and best! thou little know'st
The rank, the honors, thou hast lost!
O, might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland's court, thy birthright place,
To see my favorite's step advance
The lightest in the courtly dance,
The cause of every gallant's sigh,

And leading star of every eye,
And theme of every minstrel's art,
The Lady of the °Bleeding Heart!"

XI

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried,—
Light was her accent, yet she sighed,—
"Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;
Nor would my footstep spring more gay
In courtly dance than blithe °strathspey,
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
To royal minstrel's lay as thine.
And then for suitors proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye,—
Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say,
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of °Loch Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A °Lennox foray — for a day."—

XII

The ancient bard her glee repressed:
"Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!
For who, through all this western wild,
Named °Black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled?
In °Holy-Rood a knight he slew;
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide;
And since, though outlawed, hath his hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land.

Who else dared give — ah! woe the day,
That I such hated truth should say! —
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disowned by every noble peer,
Even the rude refuge we have here?
Alas, this wild marauding Chief
Alone might hazard our relief,
And now thy maiden charms expand,
Looks for his °guerdon in thy hand;
Full soon may °dispensation sought,
To back his suit, from Rome be brought.
Then, though an exile on the hill,
Thy father, as the Douglas, still
Be held in reverence and fear;
And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear
°That thou mightst guide with silken thread,
Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread,
Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!
Thy hand is on a lion's mane."—

XIII

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and high
Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
"My debts to Roderick's house I know:
All that a mother could bestow
To Lady Margaret's care I owe,
Since first an orphan in the wild
She sorrowed o'er her sister's child;
To her brave chieftain son, from ire
Of Scotland's king who °shrouds my sire,
A deeper, holier debt is owed;
And, could I pay it with my blood,
Allan! Sir Roderick should command

My blood, my life, — but not my hand.
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A °votaress in °Maronnan's cell;
Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love.

XIV

"Thou shak'st, good friend, thy tresses gray, —
That pleading look, what can it say
But what I own? — I grant him brave,
But wild as °Bracklinn's thundering wave;
And generous, — °save vindictive mood
Or jealous transport chafe his blood:
I grant him true to friendly band,
As his °claymore is to his hand;
But O! that very blade of steel
More mercy for a foe would feel:
I grant him liberal, to fling
Among his clan the wealth they bring,
When back by lake and glen they wind,
And in the Lowland leave behind,
Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,
A mass of ashes slaked with blood.
The hand that for my father fought
I honor, as his daughter ought;
But can I clasp it reeking red
From peasants slaughtered in their shed?
°No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
They make his passions darker seem,

And flash along his spirit high,
Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.
While yet a child, — and children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe, —
I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
His °shadowy plaid and sable plume;
A maiden grown, I ill could bear
His haughty mien and lordly air:
But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er
A Douglas knew the word, with fear.
To change such odious theme were best, —
What think'st thou of our stranger guest?" —

XV

"What think I of him? — woe the while
That brought such wanderer to our isle!
Thy father's battle-brand, of yore
For °Tine-man forged by fairy lore,
°What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His °Border spears with °Hotspur's bows,
Did, °self-unscabbarded, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.
If courtly spy hath harbored here,
What may we for the Douglas fear?
What for this island, deemed of old
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Roderick say? —
Nay, wave not thy disdainful head!
Bethink thee of the discord dread
That kindled when at °Beltane game

Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm Græme;
Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,
Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud:
Beware! — But hark! what sounds are these?
My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
No weeping birch nor aspens wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake;
Still is the canna's hoary beard,
Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard —
And hark again! some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar."

B.

XVI

°Far up the lengthened lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view,
Four manned and masted barges grew,
And, bearing downwards from °Glengyle,
Steered full upon the lonely isle;
The point of Brianchoil they passed,
And, to the windward as they cast,
Against the sun they gave to shine
The bold Sir Roderick's °bannered Pine.
Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and wave:
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow

From their loud chanters down, and sweep
The furrowed bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake amain,
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud.
At first the sounds, by distance tame,
Mellowed along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
'Wailed every harsher note away,
Then bursting bolder on the ear,
The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear,
Those thrilling sounds that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
And hurrying at the signal dread,
The 'battered earth returns their tread.
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
Expressed their merry marching on,
Ere peal of closing battle rose,
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;
And mimic din of stroke and ward,
As broadsword upon target jarred;
And groaning pause, ere yet again,
Condensed, the battle yelled amain:
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
Retreat borne headlong into rout,
And bursts of triumph, to declare
Clan-Alpine's conquest — all were there.
Nor ended thus the strain, but slow

Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,
And changed the conquering clarion swell
For wild lament o'er those that fell.

XVIII

The war-pipes ceased, but lake and hill
Were busy with their echoes still;
And, when they slept, a vocal strain
Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
While loud a hundred clansmen raise
Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.
Each boatman, bending to his oar,
With measured sweep the °burden bore,
In such wild cadence as the breeze
Makes through December's leafless trees.
The chorus first could Allan know,
"Roderick Vich Alpine, ho! iro!"
And near, and nearer as they rowed,
Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

XIX

BOAT SONG

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blessed be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to °bourgeon and broadly to grow,
While every Highland glen
Sends our shout back again,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
  Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
  The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade.
    Moored in the rifted rock,
    Proof to the tempest's shock,
  Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
    °Menteith and °Breadalbane, then,
    Echo his praise again,
  "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XX

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in °Glen Fruin,
  And Bannochar's groans to our °slogan replied;
°Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin.
  And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on her side.
    Widow and °Saxon maid
    Long shall lament our raid,
  Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with woe:
    Lennox and °Leven-glen
    Shake when they hear again,
  "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands!
  Stretch to your oars for the ever-green Pine!
O that the °rosebud that graces yon islands
  Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
    O that some seedling gem,
    Worthy such noble stem,
  Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow!
    Loud should Clan-Alpine then
    Ring from her deepmost glen,
  "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

XXI

With all her joyful female band
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.
Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
And high their snowy arms they threw,
As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name;
While, prompt to please, with mother's art,
The darling passion of his heart,
The Dame called Ellen to the strand,
To greet her kinsman ere he land:
"Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,
And shun to wreathe a victor's brow?"
Reluctantly and slow, the maid
The unwelcome summoning obeyed,
And when a distant bugle rung,
In the mid-path aside she sprung: —
"List, Allan-bane! From mainland cast
I hear my father's signal blast.
Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain-side."
Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
She darted to her shallop light,
And, eagerly while Roderick scanned,
For her dear form, his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay.

XXII

"Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear

From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely pressed,
Such holy drops her tresses steeped,
Though 'twas an hero's eye that °weeped.
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
Marked she that fear — affection's proof —
Still held a graceful youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme.

XXIII

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Marked Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride,
Then dashed with hasty hand away
From his dimmed eye the gathering spray;
And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said:
"Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy
In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee: — he recalls the day
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answered loud,
When °Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,

And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon Chief may claim,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshalled crowd,
Though the °waned crescent owned my might,
And in my train trooped lord and knight,
Though °Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise,
As when this old man's silent tear,
And this poor maid's affection dear,
A welcome give more kind and true
Than aught my better fortunes knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast, —
O, it °out-beggars all I lost!"

XXIV

Delightful praise! — like summer rose,
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
The loved caresses of the maid
The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;
And, at her whistle, on her hand
The falcon took his favorite stand,
Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,
Nor, though °unhooded, sought to fly.
And, trust, while in such guise she stood,
Like fabled °Goddess of the wood,
That if a father's partial thought
O'erweighed her worth and beauty aught,

Well might the lover's judgment fail
To balance with a juster scale;
For with each secret glance he stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

XXV

°Of stature fair, and slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.
The belted plaid and tartan hose
Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;
His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
Curled closely round his bonnet blue.
Trained to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy;
Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
He knew, through Lennox and Menteith;
Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,
Outstripped in speed the mountaineer:
Right up Ben Lomond could he press,
And not a °sob his toil confess.
His form accorded with a mind
Lively and ardent, °frank and kind;
A blither heart, till Ellen came,
Did never love nor sorrow tame;
It danced as lightsome in his breast
As played the feather on his crest.
Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
And bards, who saw his features bold
When kindled by the tales of old,
Said, were that youth to manhood grown,

Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

XXVI

Now back they wend their watery way,
And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say,
"Why urge thy chase so far astray?
And why so late returned? And why"—
The rest was in her speaking eye.
"My child, the chase I follow far,
'Tis mimicry of noble war;
And with that gallant pastime reft
Were all of Douglas I have left.
I met young Malcolm as I strayed
Far eastward, in °Glenfinlas' shade;
Nor strayed I safe, for all around
Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground.
This youth, though still a °royal ward,
Risked life and land to be my guard,
And through the passes of the wood
Guided my steps, not unpursued;
And Roderick shall his welcome make,
Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
Then must he seek °Strath-Endrick glen,
Nor peril aught for me again."

XXVII

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,
Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme,
Yet, not in action, word, or eye,
Failed aught in hospitality.
In talk and sport they whiled away

The morning of that summer day;
But at high noon a courier light
Held secret parley with the knight,
Whose moody aspect soon declared
That evil were the news he heard.
Deep thought seemed toiling in his head;
Yet was the evening banquet made
Ere he assembled round the flame
His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,
And Ellen too; then cast around
His eyes, then fixed them on the ground,
As studying phrase that might avail
Best to convey unpleasant tale.
Long with his dagger's hilt he played,
Then raised his haughty brow, and said: —

XXVIII

"Short be my speech; — nor time affords,
Nor my plain temper, °glozing words.
Kinsman and father, — if such name
Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim,
Mine honored mother; — Ellen, — why,
My cousin, turn away thine eye? —
And Græme, in whom I hope to know
Full soon a noble friend or foe,
When age shall give thee thy command,
And leading in thy native land, —
List all! — The King's °vindictive pride
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,
Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who came
To share their monarch's sylvan game,
Themselves in bloody toils were snared,
And when the banquet they prepared,

And wide their loyal portals flung,
O'er their own gateway struggling hung.
Loud cries their blood from °Meggat's mead,
From Yarrow braes and banks of Tweed,
Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,
And from the silver Teviot's side;
The dales, where martial clans did ride,
Are now one sheep-walk, waste and wide.
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
So faithless and so ruthless known,
Now hither comes; his end the same,
The same pretext of sylvan game.
What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye
By °fate of Border chivalry.
Yet more; amid Glenfinlas' green,
Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
This by °espial sure I know:
Your counsel in the °streight I show."

XXIX

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
Sought comfort in each other's eye,
Then turned their ghastly look, each one,
This to her sire, that to her son.
The hasty color went and came
In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme,
But from his glance it well appeared
'Twas but for Ellen that he feared;
While, sorrowful, but undismayed,
The Douglas thus his counsel said:
"Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
It may but thunder and pass o'er;
Nor will I here remain an hour,

To draw the lightning on thy bower;
For well thou know'st, at this gray head
The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
For thee, who, at thy King's command,
Canst aid him with a gallant band,
Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
Poor remnants of the °Bleeding Heart,
Ellen and I will seek apart
The refuge of some forest cell,
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till on the mountain and the moor
The stern pursuit be passed and o'er." —

XXX

"No, by mine honor," Roderick said,
"So help me Heaven, and my good blade!
No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,
My father's ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!
Hear my blunt speech: grant me this maid
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies flock enow;
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,
Will bind to us each Western Chief.
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
The °Links of Forth shall hear the knell,
The guards shall start in Stirling's °porch;
And when I light the nuptial torch,
A thousand villages in flames
Shall scare the slumbers of King James! —

Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,
And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;
I meant not all my heat might say. —
Small need of inroad or of fight,
When the sage Douglas may unite
Each mountain clan in friendly band,
To guard the passes of their land,
°Till the foiled King from pathless glen
Shall bootless turn him home again."

XXXI

°There are who have, at midnight hour,
In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,
And, on the verge that °beetled o'er
The ocean tide's incessant roar,
Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream,
Till wakened by the morning beam;
When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
Such startler cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard unintermitted sound,
And thought the °battled fence so frail,
It waved like cobweb in the gale; —
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
Did he not desperate impulse feel,
Headlong to plunge himself below,
And meet the worst his fears foreshow? —
Thus Ellen, dizzy and °astound,
As sudden ruin yawned around,
By crossing terrors wildly tossed,
Still for the Douglas fearing most,
Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
To buy his safety with her hand.°

XXXII

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,
And eager rose to speak, — but ere
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
Had Douglas marked the °hectic strife,
Where death seemed combating with life;
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,
One instant rushed the throbbing blood,
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
Left its domain as wan as clay.
"Roderick, enough! enough!" he cried,
"My daughter cannot be thy bride;
Not that the blush to wooer dear,
Nor paleness that of maiden fear.
It may not be, — forgive her, Chief,
Nor hazard aught for our relief.
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er
Will °level a rebellious spear.
°'Twas I that taught his youthful hand
To rein a steed and wield a brand;
I see him yet, the princely boy!
Not Ellen more my pride and joy;
I love him still, despite my wrongs
By hasty wrath and slanderous tongues.
O, seek the grace you well may find,
Without a cause to mine combined!"

XXXIII

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode;
The waving of his tartans broad,
And darkened brow, where wounded pride

With ire and disappointment vied,
Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light,
Like the ill Demon of the night,
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
Upon the °nighted pilgrim's way:
But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
While eyes that mocked at tears before
With bitter drops were running o'er.
The death-pangs of long-cherished hope
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,
But, struggling with his spirit proud,
Convulsive heaved its °checkered shroud,
While every sob — so mute were all —
Was heard distinctly through the hall.
The son's despair, the mother's look,
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;
She rose, and to her side there came,
To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

XXXIV

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke —
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
So the deep anguish of despair
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid:
"Back, beardless boy!" he sternly said,
"Back, °minion! holdst thou thus at naught

The lesson I so lately taught?
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,
Thank thou for punishment delayed."
Eager as greyhound on his game,
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.
"Perish my name, if aught afford
Its Chieftain safety save his sword!"
Thus as they strove their desperate hand
Griped to the dagger or the brand,
And death had been — but Douglas rose,
And thrust between the struggling foes
His giant strength: — "Chieftains, forego!
I hold the first who strikes my foe. —
Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!
What! is the Douglas fallen so far,
His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil
Of such dishonorable broil?"
Sullen and slowly they unclasp,
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
And each upon his rival glared,
With foot advanced and blade half bared.

XXXV

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
As faltered through terrific dream.
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,
And veiled his wrath in scornful word:
"Rest safe till morning; 'pity 'twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air!
Then mayst thou to James Stuart tell,
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,

Nor °lackey with his freeborn clan
The pageant pomp of earthly man.
More would he of Clan-Alpine know,
Thou canst our strength and passes show. —
Malise, what ho! " — his °henchman came:
" Give our safe-conduct to the Græme."
Young Malcolm answered, calm and bold:
" Fear nothing for thy favorite hold;
The spot an angel deigned to grace
Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place.
Thy churlish courtesy for those
Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
As safe to me the mountain way
At midnight as in blaze of day,
Though with his boldest at his back
Even Roderick Dhu beset the track. —
Brave Douglas, — lovely Ellen, — nay,
Naught here of parting will I say.
Earth does not hold a lonesome glen
So secret but we meet again. —
Chieftain! we too shall find an hour,"—
He said, and left the sylvan bower.

XXXVI

Old Allan followed to the strand —
Such was the Douglas's command —
And anxious told, how, °on the morn,
The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,
The °Fiery Cross should circle o'er
Dale, glen, and valley, down and moor.
Much were the peril to the Græme
From those who to the signal came;
Far up the lake 'twere safest land,

Himself would row him to the strand.
He gave his counsel to the wind,
While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
Round dirk and pouch and broadsword °rolled,
His ample plaid in tightened fold,
And stripped his limbs to such array
As best might suit the watery way, —

XXXVII

Then spoke abrupt: "Farewell to thee,
Pattern of old fidelity!"
The Minstrel's hand he kindly pressed, —
"O, could I °point a place of rest!
My sovereign holds in ward my land,
My uncle leads my vassal band;
To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.
Yet, if there be one faithful Græme
Who loves the chieftain of his name,
Not long shall honored Douglas dwell
Like hunted stag in mountain cell;
Nor, ere yon pride-swollen robber dare, —
I may not give the rest to air!
Tell Roderick Dhu I owed him naught,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to yon mountain-side."
Then plunged he in the flashing tide.
Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
And stoutly steered him from the shore;
And Allan strained his anxious eye,
Far mid the lake his form to spy,
Darkening across each puny wave,
To which the moon her silver gave.

Fast as the cormorant could skim,
The swimmer plied each active limb;
Then landing in the moonlight dell,
Loud shouted of his weal to tell.
The Minstrel heard the far halloo,
And joyful from the shore withdrew.

CANTO THIRD

THE GATHERING

I

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends °store
Of their strange ventures °happed by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
°To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.

°Yet live there still who can remember well,
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
°What time the warning note was keenly wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
While clamorous war-pipes yelled the °gathering sound,
And while the °Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round.

II

°The Summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;

Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy:
The mountain-shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water-lily to the light
Her °chalice reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain-side,
The torrent showed its glistening pride;
Invisible in flecked sky
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the °cushat dove
°Her notes of peace and rest and love.

III

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
With sheathed broadsword in his hand,
Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
And eyed the rising sun, and laid
His hand on his °impatient blade.
Beneath a rock, his °vassals' care
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;
For such Antiquity had taught
Was °preface meet, ere yet abroad

The Cross of Fire should take its road.
The shrinking band stood oft aghast
At the impatient glance he cast; —
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,
She spread her dark °sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

IV

A heap of withered boughs was piled,
Of juniper and °rowan wild,
Mingled with °shivers from the oak,
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
Brian the Hermit by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.
His grizzled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, °seamed o'er,
The scars of frantic penance bore.
That monk, of savage form and face,
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in °Benharrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien of Christian priest,
But °Druid's, from the grave released,
Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
On human sacrifice to look;
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er.
The °hallowed creed gave only worse
And deadlier emphasis of curse.

No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shunned with care;
The eager huntsman knew his bound,
And in mid chase called off his hound;
Or if, in lonely glen or °strath,
The desert-dweller met his path,
He prayed, and signed the cross between,
While terror took devotion's mien.

V

°Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
His mother watched a midnight fold,
Built deep within a dreary glen,
Where scattered lay the bones of men
In some forgotten battle slain,
And bleached by drifting wind and rain.
It might have tamed a warrior's heart
To view such mockery of his art!
The knot-grass fettered there the hand
Which once could burst an iron band;
Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The °fieldfare framed her lowly nest;
There the slow blindworm left his slime
On the fleet limbs that mocked at time;
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
Still wreathed with chaplet, flushed and full,
For heath-bell with her purple bloom
Supplied the bonnet and the plume.
All night, in this sad glen, the maid
Sat shrouded in her mantle's shade:

She said no shepherd sought her side,
No hunter's hand her snood untied,
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgin snood did Alice wear;
Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
Or holy church or blessed rite,
But locked her secret in her breast,
And died in travail, unconfessed.

VI

Alone, among his young compeers,
Was Brian from his infant years;
A moody and heart-broken boy,
Estranged from sympathy and joy,
Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
On his mysterious lineage flung.
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
To wood and stream his °hap to wail,
°Till, frantic, he as truth received
What of his birth the crowd believed,
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
To meet and know his Phantom Sire!
In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,
The cloister oped her pitying gate;
In vain the learning of the age
Unclasped the °sable-lettered page;
Even in its treasures he could find
Food for the fever of his mind.
Eager he read whatever tells
Of magic, °cabala, and spells,
And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride;

Till with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung,
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII

The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the spectre's child.
Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
He watched the wheeling eddies boil,
Till from their foam his dazzled eyes
Beheld the River Demon rise:
The mountain mist took form and limb
Of noontide hag or goblin grim;
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swelled with the voices of the dead;
Far on the future battle-heath
His eye beheld the ranks of death:
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled,
Shaped forth a °disembodied world.
One lingering sympathy of mind
Still bound him to the mortal kind;
The only parent he could claim
Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.
Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
The fatal °Ben-Shie's boding scream;
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast
Of charging steeds, careering fast
Along Benharrow's °shingly side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride
The thunderbolt had split the pine,—
°All augured ill to Alpine's line.
He girt his loins, and came to show

The signals of impending woe,
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

VIII

'Twas all prepared ; — and from the rock
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
Before the kindling pile was laid,
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
Patient the sickening victim eyed
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide
Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb,
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
A slender °crosslet framed with care,
A cubit's length in measure due;
The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
Whose parents in °Inch-Cailliach wave
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.
The Cross thus formed he held on high,
With wasted hand and haggard eye,
And strange and mingled feelings woke,
While his anathema he spoke: —

IX

°"Woe to the clansman who shall view
This symbol of °sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
On Alpine's dwelling low!

Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's execration just
  Shall doom him wrath and woe."
He paused; — the word the vassals took,
With forward step and fiery look,
On high their naked brands they shook,
Their clattering targets wildly °strook;
  °And first in murmur low,
Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his mustered force,
Burst with loud roar their answer hoarse,
  "Woe to the traitor, woe!"
Ben-an's gray scalp the accents knew,
The °joyous wolf from covert drew,
The °exulting eagle screamed afar, —
They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

X

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,
The Monk resumed his muttered spell:
Dismal and low its accents came,
The while he scathed the Cross with flame;
And the few words that reached the air,
Although the holiest name was there,
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
But when he shook above the crowd
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud: —
"Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear!
For, as the flames this symbol sear,

His home, the refuge of his fear,
A kindred fate shall know;
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
While maids and matrons on his name
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,
And infamy and woe."
Then rose the cry of females, shrill
As goshawk's whistle on the hill,
Denouncing misery and ill,
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
Of curses stammered slow;
Answering with imprecation dread,
"Sunk be his home in embers red!
And cursed be the meanest shed
That e'er shall hide the houseless head
We doom to want and woe!"
A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave!
And the gray pass where birches wave
On °Beala-nam-bo.

XI

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
And hard his laboring breath he drew,
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,
And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,
He meditated curse more dread,
And deadlier, on the clansman's head
Who, summoned to his chieftain's aid,
The signal saw and disobeyed.
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood
He quenched among the bubbling blood,

And, as again the sign he reared,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
"When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth!
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark!
And be the °grace to him denied,
Bought by °this sign to all beside!"
He ceased; no echo gave again
The murmur of the deep Amen.

XII

Then Roderick with impatient look
From Brian's hand the symbol took:
"Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave
The crosslet to his henchman brave.
"The muster-place be °Lanrick mead —
Instant the time — speed, Malise, speed!"
°Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
A barge across Loch Katrine flew:
High stood the henchman on the prow;
So rapidly the barge-men row,
The bubbles, where they launched the boat,
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had neared the mainland hill;
And from the silver beach's side

Still was the prow three fathom wide,
When lightly bounded to the land
The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII

Speed, Malise, speed! the °dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise, speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.
Bend 'gainst the °steepy hill thy breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest;
With short and springing footstep pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brake like questing hound;
The crag is high, the °scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
Yet by the fountain pause not now;
Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed
Are in thy course — speed, Malise, speed!

XIV

°Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,

They poured each hardy tenant down.
Nor slacked the messenger his pace;
He showed the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamor and surprise behind.
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changed °cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swath his scythe;
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plough was in mid-furrow stayed,
The falconer tossed his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the °bosky thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The lark's blithe carol from the cloud
Seems for the scene too gayly loud.

XV

Speed, Malise, speed! The lake is past,
°Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green;
There mayst thou rest, thy labor done,
Their lord shall speed the signal on. —
As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
The henchman shot him down the way.

What woful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place!—
Within the hall, where torch's ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach resound.

XVI

°CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in °flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the °correi,
Sage counsel in °cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
°Thou art gone, and forever!

XVII

See °Stumah, who, the bier beside,
His master's corpse with wonder eyed,
Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
As if some stranger step he hears.
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
But headlong haste or deadly fear
Urge the °precipitate career.
All stand aghast: — unheeding all,
The henchman bursts into the hall;
Before the dead man's bier he stood,
Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood;
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!"

XVIII

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
In haste the stripling to his side

His father's dirk and broadsword tied;
But when he saw his mother's eye
Watch him in speechless agony,
Back to her opened arms he flew,
Pressed on her lips a fond adieu, —
"Alas!" she sobbed, — "and yet be gone,
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!"
One look he cast upon the bier,
Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,
Breathed deep to clear his laboring breast,
And tossed aloft his bonnet crest,
Then, like the high-bred colt when, freed,
First he °essays his fire and speed,
He vanished, and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.
Suspended was the widow's tear
While yet his footsteps she could hear;
And when she marked the henchman's eye
Wet with unwonted sympathy,
"Kinsman," she said, "his race is run
That should have sped thine errand on,
The oak has fallen, — the sapling bough
Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.
Yet trust I well, his duty done,
The orphan's God will guard my son. —
And you, in many a danger true,
At Duncan's °best your blades that drew,
To arms, and guard that orphan's head!
Let babes and women wail the dead."
Then weapon-clang and martial call
Resounded through the funeral hall,
While from the walls the attendant band
Snatched sword and targe with hurried hand;
And short and flitting energy

Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
As if the sounds to warrior dear
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
But faded soon that borrowed force;
Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

XIX

°Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up °Strath-Ire.
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;
The tear that gathered in his eye
He left the mountain-breeze to dry;
Until, where Teith's young waters roll
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll
That graced the sable strath with green,
The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though °reeled his sympathetic eye,
He dashed amid the torrent's roar:
His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-axe grasped, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice, — the foam splashed high,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;
And had he fallen, — forever there,
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!
But still, as if in parting life,
Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife,
Until the opposing bank he gained,
And up the chapel pathway strained.

XX

A 'blithesome rout that °morning-tide
Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride
Her troth °Tombea's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandave,
And, issuing from the °Gothic arch,
The bridal now resumed their march.
°In rude but glad procession came
Bonneted sire and °coif-clad dame;
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear;
And children, that, unwitting why,
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry;
And minstrels, that in measures vied
Before the young and bonny bride,
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step and bashful hand
She held the kerchief's snowy band.
The gallant bridegroom by her side
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI

Who meets them at the churchyard gate?
The messenger of fear and fate!
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soiled he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword

Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!"
And must he change so soon the hand
Just linked to his by holy band,
For the fell Cross of blood and brand?
And must the day so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
O fatal doom! — it must! it must!
Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brook no delay;
Stretch to the race, — away! away!

XXII

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And lingering eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced till on the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith. —
What in the racer's bosom stirred?
The sickening pang of hope deferred,
And memory with a torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain.
Mingled with love's impatience, came
The manly thirst for martial fame;
The stormy joy of mountaineers
Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,

And hope, from well-fought field returning,
With war's red honors on his crest,
To clasp his Mary to his breast.
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
°Like fire from flint he glanced away,
While high resolve and feeling strong
Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII

°SONG

The heath this night must be my bed,
The °bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,

How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

XXIV

°Not faster o'er thy heathery °braes,
°Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,
Rushing in conflagration strong
Thy deep ravines and dells along,
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
And reddening the dark lakes below;
Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.
The signal roused to martial °coil
The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
Waked still Loch Doine, and to the source
Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course;
Thence southward turned its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,
From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Mustered its little horde of men,
That met as torrents from the height
In Highland dales their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood

Each trained to arms since life began,
Owning no tie but to his clan,
°No oath but by his chieftain's hand,
No law but Roderick Dhu's command.

XXV

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
Surveyed the skirts of Benvenue,
And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
To view the frontiers of Menteith.
All backward came with news of truce;
Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,
In °Rednock courts no horsemen wait,
No banner waved on °Cardross gate,
On °Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
Nor scared the herons from Loch Con;
All seemed at peace. — Now °wot ye why
The Chieftain with such anxious eye,
Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scanned with care? —
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,
A fair though cruel pledge was left;
For Douglas, to his promise true,
That morning from the isle withdrew,
And in a deep sequestered dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard in Celtic tongue
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung;
A softer name the Saxons gave,
And called the grot the Goblin Cave.

XXVI

It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.

The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;
Its trench had stayed full many a rock,
Hurled by primeval earthquake shock
From Benvenue's gray summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,
They frowned °incumbent o'er the spot,
And formed the rugged sylvan grot.
The oak and birch with mingled shade
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn °still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind °chafed with the lake
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs with hideous sway
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild-cat leaves her young;
° Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there.
Gray Superstition's whisper dread
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII

Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,
When Roderick with a chosen few
Repassed the heights of Benvenue.
Above the Goblin cave they go,
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo;
The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shallop from the shore,
For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Achray,
And place his clansmen in array.
Yet lags the Chief in musing mind,
Unwonted sight, his men behind.
°A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord;
The rest their way through thickets break,
And soon await him by the lake.
It was a fair and gallant sight,
To view them from the neighboring height,
By the low-levelled sunbeam's light!
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
°Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain-strand.

XXVIII

Their Chief with step reluctant still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,

Hard by where turned apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode.
It was but with that dawning morn
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn
To drown his love in war's wild roar,
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;
But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with °flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove, —
By firm resolve to conquer love!
Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
Still hovering near his treasure lost;
For though his haughty heart deny
A parting meeting to his eye,
Still fondly strains his anxious ear
The accents of her voice to hear,
And inly did he curse the breeze
That waked to sound the rustling trees.
But hark! what mingles in the strain?
It is the harp of Allan-bane,
That wakes its measure slow and high,
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.
What melting voice attends the strings?
'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

XXIX

°HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

Ave Maria! maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,

Though banished, outcast, and reviled —
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child! 72c
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!
The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, list a suppliant child!
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!
Foul demons of the earth and air, 73c
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled:
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child!
Ave Maria!

XXX

'Died on the harp the closing hymn, —
Unmoved in attitude and limb,
As listening still, Clan-Alpine's lord
Stood leaning on his heavy sword, 74a
Until the page with humble sign
Twice pointed to the sun's decline.
Then while his plaid he round him cast,
"It is the last time — 'tis the last."

He muttered thrice, — "the last time e'er
That angel-voice shall Roderick hear!"
It was a goading thought, — his stride
Hied hastier down the mountain-side;
Sullen he flung him in the boat,
An instant 'cross the lake it shot.
They landed in °that silvery bay,
And eastward held their hasty way,
Till, with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Lanrick height,
Where mustered in the vale below
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

XXXI

A various scene the clansmen made:
°Some sat, some stood, some slowly strayed;
But most, with mantles folded round,
Were couched to rest upon the ground,
Scarce to be known by curious eye
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green;
Unless where, here and there, a blade
Or lance's point a glimmer made,
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.
But when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
Three times returned the martial yell;
It died upon Bochastle's plain,
And Silence claimed her evening reign.

CANTO FOURTH

THE PROPHECY

I

"THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
O °wilding rose, °whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!"
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave.

II

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.
All while he stripped the wild-rose spray,
His axe and bow beside him lay,
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood
A wakeful sentinel he stood.
Hark! — on the rock a footstep rung,
And instant to his arms he sprung.
"Stand, or thou diest! — What, Malise? — soon
Art thou returned from Braes of Doune.
By thy keen step and glance I know,

Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe." —
For while the Fiery Cross hied on,
On distant scout had Malise gone. —
"Where sleeps the Chief?" the henchman said.
"Apart, in yonder misty glade;
To his lone couch I'll be your guide." —
Then called a slumberer by his side,
And stirred him with his slackened bow, —
"Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
We seek the Chieftain; on the track
Keep °eagle watch till I come back."

B.

III

Together up the pass they sped:
"What of the foeman?" Norman said. —
"Varying reports from near and far;
This certain, — that a band of war
Has for two days been ready °boune,
At prompt command to march from °Doune;
King James the while, with princely powers,
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
°Inured to bide such bitter bout,
The warrior's plaid may bear it out;
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
A shelter for thy bonny bride?" —
"What! know ye not that Roderick's care
To the lone isle hath caused repair
Each maid and matron of the clan,
And every child and aged man
Unfit for arms; and given his charge,
Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,

Upon these lakes shall float at large,
But all beside the islet moor,
That such dear pledge may rest secure?"—

IV

"'Tis well advised,—the Chieftain's plan
Bespeaks the father of his clan.
But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
Apart from all his followers true?"
"It is because last evening-tide
Brian an augury hath tried,
Of that dread kind which must not be
Unless in dread extremity,
The °Taghairm called; by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war.
Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew,"—

MALISE

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!
The choicest of the prey we had
When swept our merrymen Gallangad.
His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
His red eye glowed like fiery spark;
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
Sore did he cumber our retreat,
And kept our stoutest °kerns in awe,
Even at the pass of °Beal 'maha.
But steep and flinty was the road,
And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,
And when we came to °Dennan's Row
A child might scathless stroke his brow."

V

NORMAN

"That bull was slain; his reeking hide
They stretched the cataract beside,
Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy °boss
Of that huge cliff whose ample °verge
Tradition calls the Hero's °Targe.
Couched on a shelf beneath its brink,
Close where the thundering torrents sink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst groan of rock and roar of stream,
The wizard waits prophetic dream.
Nor distant rests the Chief; — but hush!
See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
The hermit gains yon rock, and stands
To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
That hovers o'er a slaughtered host?
Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching °while the deer is broke,
His morsel claims with sullen croak?"

MALISE

"Peace! peace! to other than to me
Thy words were evil augury;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, gleaned from heaven or hell,

Yon fiend-begotten Monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see — and now
Together they descend the brow."

VI

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord
The Hermit Monk held solemn word: —
"Roderick! it is a fearful strife,
For man endowed with mortal life,
Whose shroud of °sentient clay can still
Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
Whose hair can °rouse like warrior's lance, —
'Tis hard for such to view, unfurled,
The curtain of the future world.
Yet, witness every quaking limb,
My sunken pulse, mine eyeballs dim,
My soul with harrowing anguish torn,
This for my Chieftain have I borne! —
The shapes that sought my fearful couch
A human tongue may ne'er avouch;
No mortal man — save he, who, bred
Between the living and the dead,
Is gifted beyond nature's law —
Had e'er survived to say he saw.
At length the fateful answer came
In characters of living flame!
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and branded on my soul: —
°WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."

VII

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
Good is thine augury, and fair.
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood
But first our broadswords tasted blood.
A surer victim still I know,
°Self-offered to the auspicious blow:
A spy has sought my land this morn, —
No eve shall witness his return!
My followers guard each pass's mouth,
To east, to westward, and to south:
Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,
Has charge to lead his steps aside,
Till in deep path or dingle brown
He light on those shall bring him down. —
But see, who comes his news to show!
Malise! what tidings of the foe?"

VIII

"At Doune, o'er many a spear and °glaive
Two Barons proud their banners wave.
I saw the Moray's silver star,
And marked the °sable pale of Mar."
"Ay Alpine's soul, high tidings those!
I love to hear of worthy foes.
When move they on?" "To-morrow's noon
Will see them here for battle boune."
"Then shall it see a meeting stern!
But, for the place, — say, couldst thou learn
Nought of the friendly clans of Earn?
Strengthened by them, we well might bide
The battle on Benledi's side.

Thou couldst not? — well! Clan-Alpine's men
Shall man the Trosachs' °shaggy glen;
Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight,
All in our maids' and matrons' sight,
Each for his hearth and household fire,
Father for child, and son for sire,
Lover for maid beloved! — But why —
Is it the breeze affects mine eye?
Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear!
A messenger of doubt or fear?
No! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benledi from his °stance,
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.
Each to his post! — all know their charge."
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,
Obedient to the Chieftain's glance. —
I turn me from the martial roar,
And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

IX

Where is the Douglas? — he is gone;
And Ellen sits on the gray stone
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan
While vainly Allan's words of cheer
Are poured on her unheeding ear.
"He will return — dear lady, trust! —
With joy return; — he will — he must.
Well was it time to seek afar
Some refuge from impending war,
When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm

Are cowed by the approaching storm.
I saw their boats with many a light,
Floating the livelong yesternight,
Shifting like flashes darted forth
By the red streamers of the north;
I marked at morn how close they ride,
Thick moored by the lone islet's side,
Like wild ducks couching in the fen
When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
Since this rude race dare not abide
The peril on the mainland side,
Shall not thy noble father's care
Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"

X

ELLEN

"No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind
My wakeful terrors could not blind.
When in such tender tone, yet grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave,
The tear that glistened in his eye
Drowned not his purpose fixed and high.
°My soul, though feminine and weak,
Can image his; e'en as the lake,
Itself disturbed by slightest stroke,
Reflects the invulnerable rock.
He hears report of battle °rife,
He deems himself the cause of strife.
I saw him redden when the theme
Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream
Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,
Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.

Think'st thou he °trowed thine omen aught?
O no! 'twas apprehensive thought
For the kind youth, — for Roderick too —
Let me be just — that friend so true;
In danger °both, and in our cause!
Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
Why else that solemn warning given,
"If not on earth, we meet in heaven!"
Why else, to °Cambus-kenneth's fane,
If eve return him not again,
Am I to hie and make me known?
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,
Buys his friends' safety with his own;
He goes to do — what I had done,
Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"

XI

"Nay, lovely Ellen! — dearest, nay!
If aught should his return delay,
He only named yon holy fane
As fitting place to meet again.
Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme, —
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name! —
My visioned sight may yet prove true,
Nor °bode of ill to him or you.
When did my gifted dream beguile?
Think of the stranger at the isle,
And think upon the harpings slow
That °presaged this approaching woe!
Sooth was my prophecy of fear;
Believe it when it augurs cheer.
Would we had left this dismal spot!
Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.

Of such a wondrous tale I know —
Dear lady, change that look of woe,
My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."

ELLEN

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
But cannot stop the bursting tear."
The Minstrel tried his simple art,
But distant far was Ellen's heart.

XII

°BALLAD

ALICE BRAND

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the °mavis and °merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and °wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for °vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away."

"O Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and °vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest-green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

XIII

BALLAD CONTINUED

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood;
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who °woned within the hill,—
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The °fairies' fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

XIV

BALLAD CONTINUED

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
"That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear,—
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
'Tis but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own °kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign, —
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

"And I conjure thee, demon elf,
By Him whom demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?"

XV

BALLAD CONTINUED

"'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing:

'And gayly shines the Fairy-land —
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our °inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

"It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And 'twixt life and death was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

"But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow °durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine."

She crossed him once — she crossed him twice —
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in °Dunfermline gray,
When all the bells were ringing.

XVI

Just as the minstrel sounds were stayed,
A stranger climbed the steepy glade;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting-suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims —

'Tis Snowdoun's Knight, 'tis James Fitz-James.
Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then, starting, scarce suppressed a scream:
"O stranger! in such hour of fear
What evil hap has brought thee here?"
"An evil hap how can it be
That bids me look again on thee?
By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning-tide,
And marshalled over bank and °bourne
The happy path of my return."
"The happy path! — what! said he naught
Of war, of battle to be fought,
Of guarded pass?" "No, by my faith!
Nor saw I aught could °augur scathe."
"O haste thee, Allan, to the kern:
Yonder his tartans I discern;
Learn thou his purpose, and °conjure
That he will guide the stranger sure! —
What prompted thee, unhappy man?
The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
Had not been °bribed, by love or fear,
Unknown to him to guide thee here."

XVII

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee;
Yet life I hold but idle breath
When love or honor's weighed with death.
Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once.
I come to bear thee from a wild
Where ne'er °before such blossom smiled,

By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war.
Near Bochastle my horses wait;
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
I'll guard thee like a tender flower—"
"O hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female art,
To say I do not read thy heart;
Too much, before, my selfish ear
Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
That fatal bait hath lured thee back,
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;
And how, O how, can I °atone
The wreck my vanity brought on!—
One way remains—I'll tell him all—
Yes! struggling bosom, °forth it shall!
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
But first—my father is a man
Outlawed and exiled, under ban;
The price of blood is on his head,
With me 'twere °infamy to wed.
Still wouldst thou speak?—then hear the truth!
Fitz-James, there is a noble youth—
If yet he is!—exposed for me
And mine to dread extremity—
Thou hast the secret of my heart;
Forgive, be generous, and depart!"

XVIII

Fitz-James knew every wily train
A lady's fickle heart to gain,
But here he knew and felt them vain.

There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
To give her steadfast speech the lie;
In maiden confidence she stood,
Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony,
As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,
But not with hope fled sympathy.
He proffered to attend her side,
As brother would a sister guide.
"O little know'st thou Roderick's heart!
Safer for both we go apart.
O haste thee, and from Allan learn
If thou mayst trust yon wily kern."
°With hand upon his forehead laid,
The conflict of his mind to shade,
A parting step or two he made;
Then, as some thought had crossed his brain,
He paused, and turned, and came again.

XIX

"Here, lady, yet a parting word!—
It chanced in fight that my poor sword
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
This ring the grateful Monarch gave,
And bade, when I had boon to crave,
To bring it back, and boldly claim
The recompense that I would name.
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
But one who lives by lance and sword,
Whose castle is his helm and shield,

His °lordship the °embattled field.
What from a prince can I demand,
°Who neither reck of state nor land?
Ellen, thy hand — the ring is thine;
Each guard and usher knows the sign.
Seek thou the King without delay;
This °signet shall secure thy way:
And °claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me."
He placed the golden circlet on,
Paused — kissed her hand — and then was gone.
The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
He joined his guide, and wending down
The ridges of the mountain brown,
Across the stream they took their way
That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

XX

All in the Trosachs' glen was still,
Noontide was sleeping on the hill:
Sudden his guide whooped loud and high —
"Murdoch! was that a signal cry?" —
He stammered forth, "I shout to scare
Yon raven from his dainty fare."
He looked — he knew the raven's prey,
His own brave steed: "Ah! gallant gray!
For thee — for me, perchance — 'twere well
We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell. —
Murdoch, move first — but silently;
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!"
Jealous and sullen on they °fared,
Each silent, each upon his guard.

XXI

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
Around a precipice's edge,
When lo! a wasted female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tattered °weeds and wild array,
Stood on a cliff beside the way,
And °glancing round her restless eye,
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Seemed naught to mark, yet all to spy.
Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom;
With gesture wild she waved a plume
Of feathers, which the eagles fling
To crag and cliff from dusky wing;
Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
Where scarce was footing for the goat.
The tartan plaid she first descried,
And shrieked till all the rocks replied;
As loud she laughed when near they drew,
For then the Lowland garb she knew;
And then her hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept, and then she sung —
She sung! — the voice, in better time,
Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
And now, though strained and roughened, still
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII

SONG

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warped and wrung —
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,

I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where °Allan glides,
Or heard my native °Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest, and pray
That Heaven would close my wintry day!
'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
They made me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But woe betide the cruel guile
That drowned in blood the morning smile!
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII

"Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o'er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle gray,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."
"'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,
"A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick forayed Devan-side.
The gay bridegroom resistance made,
And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.
I marvel she is now at large,
But oft she 'scapes from °Maudlin's charge. —
Hence, brain-sick fool!" — He raised his bow: —
"Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,
I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
As ever peasant °pitched a bar!"
"Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac cried,

And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.
"See the gray °pennons I prepare,
To seek my true love through the air!
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall °batten on his bones,
And then shall his detested plaid,
By bush and brier in mid-air stayed,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
°Meet signal for their revelry."

XXIV

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"
"O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For O my sweet William was forester true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trilled the Lowland lay!

"It was not that I meant to tell . . .
But thou art wise and guessest well."
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.
Still on the Clansman fearfully
She fixed her apprehensive eye,
Then turned it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV

"The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set, —
Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,
Bearing its branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen, —
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warned him of the toils below,
O, so faithfully, faithfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed, —
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed, —
Hunters watch so narrowly."

XXVI

Fitz-James's mind was passion-tossed,
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought.
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the hunt aware,
He waved at once his blade on high,
"Disclose thy treachery, or die!"
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
But in his race his bow he drew.

The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
And °thrilled in Blanche's faded breast. —
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need;
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife —
The forfeit death — the prize is life;
Thy kindred ambush lies before,
Close couched upon the heathery moor;
Them couldst thou reach! — it may not be —
Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,
The fiery Saxon gains on thee! —
Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
As lightning strikes the °pine to dust;
With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain
Ere he can win his blade again.
Bent o'er the fallen with falcon eye,
He grimly smiled to see him die,
Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

XXVII

She sat beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed;
Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
°Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to stanch the life-stream tried, —
"Stranger, it is in vain!" she cried.
"This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before;

For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye
That thou wert mine avenger born.
Seest thou this tress? — O, still I've worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair!
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.
I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head, —
My brain would turn! — but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And thou wilt bring it me again.
I waver still. — O God! more bright
Let reason beam her parting light! —
O, by thy knighthood's honored sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,
With tartans broad and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong! —
They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . farewell."

XXVIII

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;
Fast poured his eyes at pity's claims;
And now, with mingled grief and ire,

He saw the murdered maid expire.
"God, in my need, be my relief,
As I wreak this on yonder Chief!"
A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet-side:
"By Him whose word is truth, I swear,
No other °favor will I wear,
Till this sad token I °imbrue
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!—
But hark! what means yon faint halloo?
The chase is up,—but they shall know,
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe."
Barred from the known but guarded way,
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,
And oft must change his desperate track,
By stream and precipice turned back.
Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,
From lack of food and loss of strength,
He couched him in a thicket °hoar,
And thought his toils and perils o'er:—
"Of all my rash adventures past,
This frantic feat must prove the last!
Who e'er so mad but might have guessed
That all this Highland hornet's nest
Would muster up in swarms so soon
As e'er they heard of bands at Doune?—
Like bloodhounds now they search me out,—
Hark, to the whistle and the shout!—
If farther through the wilds I go,
I only fall upon the foe:
I'll couch me here till evening gray,
Then darkling try my dangerous way."

XXIX

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the °summer solstice there
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

XXX

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked in his plaid a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand, —
°"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"
"A stranger." "What dost thou require?"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."
"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."
"Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?"

"I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."
"Bold words! — but, though the beast of game
The °privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts, — yet sure they lie,
Who say thou cam'st a secret spy!" —
"They do, by heaven! — come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."
"If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then by these tokens mayst thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."

XXXI

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed: —
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more, — upon thy fate, 'tis said,

A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn, —
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And °stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as °Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."
"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
°Purpled the mountain and the stream.

CANTO FIFTH

THE COMBAT

I

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered °pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain-side, —
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine °martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

II

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the °dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,

By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path! — they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew, —
°That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

III

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;
A hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
°The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With °shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,

Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrent down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange cause
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt and by my side;
Yet, °sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain-guide,
Though deep perchance the villain lied."
"Yet why a second venture try?"
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!—
Moves our free course by such fixed cause
As gives the poor °mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide

A Knight's free footsteps far and wide, —
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
°The danger's self is lure alone."

V

°"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not; —
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"
"No, by my word; — of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."
"Free be they flung! for we were loath
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung! — as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain-game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"
"Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the °Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

VI

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,
"And heardst thou why he drew his blade?
Heardst thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath or °Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."
"Still was it outrage; — yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany with feeble hand
Held borrowed °truncheon of command,
The young King, °mewed in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life! —
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain, —
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

VII

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile:
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,

With gentle slopes and groves between:—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread,
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,—
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the °target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!— While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain,
While of ten thousand herds there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall with strong hand redeem his share.
Where live the mountain Chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
°Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

VIII

Answered Fitz-James: "And, if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?

What deem ye of my path waylaid?
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"
"As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true, —
"I seek my hound or falcon strayed,
"I seek, good faith, a Highland maid, —
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfil an augury."
"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride:
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain in lady's bower
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band!"

IX

"Have then thy wish!" — He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;

On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James: "How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!"

X

Fitz-James was brave: — though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He °manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,

His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before: —
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
Sir Roderick marked, — and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foeman worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood — then waved his hand:
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon and plaid and plumage fair, —
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide:
The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack, —
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

XI

Fitz-James looked round, — yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied:

"Fear naught — 'nay, that I need not say —
But — doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest; — I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on; — 'I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."
They moved; — I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive,
Yet dare not say that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered 'flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet by fearful proof was rife
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonored and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still from copse and heather deep
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

XII

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of °three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the °mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This °murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

XIII

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:

Can naught but blood our feud atone ?
Are there no means ? " — " No, stranger, none !
And hear, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
°For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead :
' Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.' "
" Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
" The riddle is already °read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff, —
There lies Red Murdoch, °stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy ;
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James at Stirling let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XIV

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye :
" Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate ; —
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared ? — By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light

As that of some vain °carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word! 360
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
°Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone! —
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast. 370
But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun and stream and plain
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot and point and eye opposed,
In °dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV

ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw, 380
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, °trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;

While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
°And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock or castle-roof
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI

"Now yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let °recreant yield, who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the °toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round. —
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain! down, down they go,

The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his °dagger bright!
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeemed, unhoped, from desperate strife;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appeared his last;
In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid,—
"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid;
°Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that faith and valor give."
With that he blew a bugle note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonneted, and by the wave
Sat down his brow and hands to lave.

Then faint afar are heard the feet
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted °squires in Lincoln green;
Two who bear lance, and two who lead
By loosened rein a saddled steed;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James reined up his horse, —
With wonder viewed the bloody spot, —
"Exclaim not, gallants! question not. —
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;
Let the gray palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a °fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
The sun rides high; — I must be °boune
To see the archer-game at noon;
But lightly Bayard clears the lea. —
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII

°"Stand, Bayard, stand!" — the steed obeyed,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup stayed,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turned on the horse his armed heel,
And stirred his courage with the steel.

Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sat erect and fair,
Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
Forth launched, along the plain they go.
They dashed that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhonie's hill they flew;
Still at the gallop °pricked the Knight,
His merrymen followed as they might.
Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre;
They °mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With plash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-Forth!
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career looked down.

XIX

As up the flinty path they strained,
Sudden his steed the leader reined;
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to °his stirrup sprung: —
"Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman gray,

Who townward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain-side?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?"
"No, by my word; — a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A baron's train would nobly grace —"
"Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,
And jealousy, no sharper eye?
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green.
'Tis James of Douglas, by °Saint Serle!
The uncle of the banished Earl.
Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe:
The King must stand upon his guard;
Douglas and he must meet prepared."
Then right-hand wheeled their steeds, and straight
They won the Castle's °postern gate.

XX

°The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Cambus-kenneth's abbey gray,
Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf,
Held sad communion with himself: —
"Yes! all is true my fears could frame;
A prisoner lies the noble Græme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel.
I, only I, can ward their fate, —

God grant the ransom come not late!
The Abbess hath her promise given,
My child shall be the °bride of Heaven;—
Be pardoned one repining tear!
For He who gave her knows how dear,
How excellent!—but that is by,
And now my business is—to die.—
Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled;
And thou, O sad and °fatal mound!
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
Prepare—for Douglas seeks his doom!
But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
Makes the °Franciscan steeple reel?
And see! upon the crowded street,
In motley groups what masquers meet!
Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
And merry °morrice-dancers come.
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burghers hold their sports to-day.
James will be there; he loves such show,
Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tilter shivers spear.
I'll follow to the Castle-park,
And play my prize;—King James shall mark
If age has tamed these sinews stark,
Whose force so oft in happier days
His boyish wonder loved to praise."

XXI

The Castle gates were open flung,
The quivering drawbridge rocked and rung,
And echoed loud the flinty street
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
As slowly down the steep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza.
°And ever James was bending low
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
Doffing his cap to city dame,
Who smiled and blushed for pride and shame.
And well the simperer might be vain, —
He chose the fairest of the train.
Gravely he greets each city sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,
Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims, —
"Long live the Commons' King, King James!"
Behind the King thronged peer and knight,
And noble dame and damsel bright,
Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.
But in the train you might discern
Dark lowering brow and visage stern;
There nobles mourned their pride restrained,
And the °mean burgher's joys disdained;
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
Were each from home a banished man,
There thought upon their own gray tower,
Their waving woods, their °feudal power,

And deemed themselves a shameful part
Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

XXII

Now, in the Castle-park, drew out
Their °checkered bands the joyous rout.
There morricers, with °bell at heel
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
But chief, beside the °butts, there stand
Bold °Robin Hood and all his band, —
Friar Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,
Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
Their bugles challenge all that will,
In archery to prove their skill.
The Douglas bent a bow of might, —
His first shaft centred in the white,
And when in turn he shot again,
His second split the first in twain.
From the King's hand must Douglas take
A silver dart, the archers' stake;
Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
Some answering glance of sympathy, —
No kind emotion made reply!
Indifferent as to archer °wight,
The monarch gave the arrow bright.

XXIII

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,
°The manly wrestlers take their stand.

Two o'er the rest superior rose,
And proud demanded mightier foes, —
Nor called in vain, for Douglas came. —
For life is Hugh of Larbert lame;
Scarce better John of Alloa's °fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades bare.
Prize of the wrestling match, the King
To Douglas gave a °golden ring,
While co'dly glanced his eye of blue,
As frozen drop of wintry dew.
Douglas would speak, but in his breast
His struggling soul his words suppressed;
Indignant then he turned him where
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
To hurl the massive bar in air.
When each his utmost strength had shown,
The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
And sent the fragment through the sky
A °rood beyond the farthest mark;
And still in Stirling's royal park,
The gray-haired sires, who know the past,
To strangers point the Douglas cast,
And moralize on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV

The vale with loud applauses rang,
The °Ladies' Rock sent back the clang.
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed
A purse well filled with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,

And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now with anxious wonder scan,
And sharper glance, the dark gray man;
Till whispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,
Must to the Douglas blood belong.
The old men marked and shook the head,
To see his hair with silver spread,
And winked aside, and told each son
Of feats upon the English done,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
Was exiled from his native land.
The women praised his stately form,
Though wrecked by many a winter's storm;
The youth with awe and wonder saw
His strength surpassing Nature's law.
°Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
Till murmurs rose to clamors loud.
But not a glance from that proud ring
Of peers who circled round the King
With Douglas held communion kind,
Or called the banished man to mind;
No, not from those who at the chase
Once held his side the honored place,
Begirt his board, and in the field
Found safety underneath his shield;
For he whom royal eyes disown,
When was his form to courtiers known!

XXV

The Monarch saw the °gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,

Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favorite greyhounds should pull down,
That venison free and Bourdeaux wine
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra, — whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North, —
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds midway,
And dashing on the antlered prey,
Sunk her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and with his leash unbound
In anger struck the noble hound.
The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck
In maiden glee with garlands deck;
They were such playmates that with name
Of Lufra Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high.
In darkened brow and flashing eye;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI

Then clamored loud the royal train,
And brandished swords and staves amain,
But stern the Baron's warning: "Back!
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack!
Beware the Douglas. — Yes! behold,
King James! The Douglas, doomed of old,
And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim, now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends." —
"Thus is my clemency repaid?
Presumptuous Lord!" the Monarch said:
"Of thy °misproud ambitious clan,
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
The only man, in whom a foe
My woman-mercy would not know;
But shall a Monarch's presence brook
Injurious blow and haughty look? —
What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
Give the offender fitting °ward. —
Break off the sports!" — for tumult rose,
And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows, —
"Break off the sports!" he said and frowned,
"And bid our horsemen clear the ground."

XXVII

Then uproar wild and °misarray
Marred the fair form of festal day.
The horsemen pricked among the crowd,
Repelled by threats and insult loud;
To earth are borne the old and weak,

The timorous fly, the women shriek;
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar,
The hardier urge tumultuous war.
At once round Douglas darkly sweep
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the pathway steep,
While on the rear in thunder pour
The rabble with disordered roar.
With grief the noble Douglas saw
The Commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said:
"Sir John of Hyndford, 'twas my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For that good deed permit me then
A word with these misguided men. —

XXVIII

"Hear, gentle friends, ere yet for me
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honor, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws.
Are °these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those cords of love I should unbind
Which knit my country and my °kind?
O no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour,
To know those spears our foes should dread
For me in kindred gore are red:

To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me that mother wails her son,
For me that widow's mate expires,
For me that orphans weep their sires,
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
O let your patience °ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!"

XXIX

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed
For blessings on his generous head
Who for his country felt alone,
And prized her blood beyond his own.
Old men upon the verge of life
Blessed him who stayed the civil strife;
And mothers held their babes on high,
The self-devoted Chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrongs and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire.
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved;
As if behind some bier beloved,
°With trailing arms and drooping head,
The Douglas up the hill he led,
And at the Castle's battled verge,
With sighs resigned his honored charge.

XXX

The offended Monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again

Through Stirling streets to lead his train.
"O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this °common fool?
Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim
With which they shout the Douglas name?
With like acclaim the vulgar throat
Strained for King James their morning note
With like acclaim they hailed the day
When first I broke the Douglas sway;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain?
°Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
O who would wish to be thy king? —

XXXI

"But soft! what messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
I guess his °cognizance afar —
What from our cousin, John of Mar?"
"He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound
Within the safe and guarded ground;
For some foul purpose yet unknown, —
Most sure for evil to the throne, —
The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Has summoned his rebellious crew;
'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
These °loose banditti stand arrayed.

The Earl of Mar this morn from Doune
To break their muster marched, and soon
Your Grace will hear of battle fought;
But earnestly the Earl besought,
Till for such danger he provide,
With scanty train you will not ride."

XXXII

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,—
I should have earlier looked to this;
I °lost it in this bustling day.—
Retrace with speed thy former way;
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
The best of mine shall be thy meed.
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbid the intended war;
Roderick this morn in single fight
Was made our prisoner by a knight,
And Douglas hath himself and cause
Submitted to our kingdom's laws.
The tidings of their leaders lost
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
Nor would we that the °vulgar feel,
For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
Bear Mar our message, Braco, fly!"
He turned his steed,—"My liege, I hie,
Yet ere I cross this lily lawn
I fear the broadswords will be drawn."
The turf the flying courser spurned,
And to his towers the King returned.

XXXIII

Ill with King James's mood that day
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;

Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,
And soon cut short the festal song.
Nor less upon the saddened town
The evening sunk in sorrow down.
The burghers spoke of °civil jar,
Of rumored feuds and mountain war,
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms; — the Douglas too,
They mourned him pent within the hold,
"Where stout °Earl William was of old."—
And there his word the speaker stayed,
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade.
But jaded horsemen from the west
At evening to the Castle pressed,
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;
At noon the deadly fray begun,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumor shook the town,
Till closed the Night her °pennons brown.

CANTO SIXTH

THE GUARD-ROOM

I

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the °dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each °caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the °kind nurse of men.
What various scenes, and O, what scenes of woe,
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam!
The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds it stream;
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thought of °gyve and jail,
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble wail.

II

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,

Relief to weary sentinel.
Through narrow loop and casement barred,
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard,
And, struggling with the smoky air,
Deadened the torches' yellow glare.
In comfortless alliance shone
The lights through arch of blackened stone,
And showed wild shapes in garb of war,
Faces deformed with beard and scar,
All haggard from the midnight watch,
And fevered with the stern debauch;
For the oak table's massive board,
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown,
Showed in what sport the night had flown.
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
Some labored still their thirst to quench;
Some, chilled with watching, spread their hands
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
While round them, or beside them flung,
At every step their °harness rung.

III

These drew not for their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor owned the patriarchal claim
Of Chieftain in their leader's name;
°Adventurers they, from far who roved,
To live by battle which they loved.
There the Italian's clouded face,
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;
The mountain-loving Switzer there
More freely breathed in mountain-air;

The °Fleming there despised the soil
That paid so ill the laborer's toil;
Their rolls showed French and German name;
And merry England's exiles came,
To share, with ill-concealed disdain,
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
All brave in arms, well trained to wield
The heavy °halberd, brand, and shield;
In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage fierce and uncontrolled;
And now, by °holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

IV

They held debate of bloody °fray,
Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.
Fierce was their speech, and mid their words
Their hands oft grappled to their swords;
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
Of wounded comrades groaning near,
Whose mangled limbs and bodies gored
Bore token of the mountain sword,
Though, neighboring to the Court of Guard,
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard,—
Sad burden to the ruffian joke,
And savage oath by fury spoke!—
At length upstarted John of Brent,
A yeoman from the banks of °Trent;
A stranger to respect or fear,
In peace a chaser of the deer,
In host a hardy mutineer,
But still the boldest of the crew
When deed of danger was to do.

He grieved that day their games cut short,
And marred the dicer's brawling sport,
And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl!
And, while a merry catch I °troll,
Let each the °buxom chorus bear,
Like brethren of the brand and spear."

VI

The warder's challenge, heard without,
Stayed in mid-roar the merry shout.
A soldier to the portal went,—
"Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
And — beat for jubilee the drum! —
A maid and minstrel with him come."
Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarred,
Was entering now the Court of Guard,
A harper with him, and, in plaid
All muffled close, a mountain maid,
Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
"What news?" they roared: — "I only know,
From noon till eve we fought with foe,
As wild and as untamable
As the rude mountains where they dwell;
On both sides store of blood is lost,
Nor much success can either boast." —
"But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil
As theirs must needs reward thy toil.
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
Thou now hast °glee-maiden and harp!
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band."

VII

"No, comrade; — no such fortune mine.
After the fight these sought our line,
That aged harper and the girl,
And, having audience of the Earl,
Mar bade I should °purvey them steed,
And bring them hitherward with speed.
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,
For none shall do them shame or harm." —
"Hear ye his boast?" cried John of Brent,
Ever to strife and jangling bent;
"Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
And yet the jealous niggard grudge
To pay the forester his fee?
I'll have my share howe'er it be,
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."
Bertram his forward step withstood;
And, burning in his vengeful mood,
Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;
But Ellen boldly stepped between,
And dropped at once the °tartan screen: —
So, from his morning cloud, appears
The sun of May through summer tears.
The savage soldiery, amazed,
As on descended angel gazed;
Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,
Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII

Boldly she spoke: "Soldiers, attend!
My father was the soldier's friend,

Cheered him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle bled.
Not from the valiant or the strong
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."
Answered De Brent, most forward still
In every feat or good or ill:
°"I shame me of the part I played;
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
An outlaw I by forest laws,
And merry °Needwood knows the cause.
Poor Rose, — if Rose be living now," —
He wiped his iron eye and brow, —
"Must bear such age, I think, as thou. —
Hear ye, my mates! I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall:
There lies my halberd on the floor;
And he that steps my halberd o'er,
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough;
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."

IX

Their Captain came, a gallant young, —
Of °Tullibardine's house he sprung, —
Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;
Gay was his mien, his humor light,
And, though by courtesy controlled,
Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
The high-born maiden ill could brook
The scanning of his curious look
And dauntless eye: — and yet, in sooth,
Young Lewis was a generous youth;

But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
Ill suited to the garb and scene,
Might lightly bear construction strange,
And give loose fancy scope to range.
"Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
Like °errant damosel of yore?
Does thy high quest a knight require,
Or may the venture suit a squire?"
Her dark eye flashed; — she paused and sighed: —
"O what have I to do with pride! —
Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
A suppliant for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the King.
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."

X

The signet ring young Lewis took
With deep respect and altered look,
And said: °"This ring our duties own;
And pardon, if to worth unknown,
°In semblance mean obscurely veiled,
Lady, in aught my folly failed.
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
The King shall know what suitor waits.
Please you meanwhile in fitting bower
Repose you till his waking hour;
Female attendance shall obey
Your hest, for service or array.
°Permit I marshal you the way."

But, ere she followed, with the grace
And open bounty of her race,
She bade her slender purse be shared
Among the soldiers of the guard.
The rest with thanks their guerdon took,
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced bluntly back the proffered gold: —
"Forgive a haughty English heart,
And O, forget its ruder part!
The vacant purse shall be my share,
Which in my °barret-cap I'll bear,
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
Where gayer crests may keep afar."
With thanks — 'twas all she could — the maid
His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
Allan made suit to John of Brent: —
"My lady safe, O let your grace
Give me to see my °master's face!
His minstrel I, — to share his doom
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my sires
Waked for his noble house their lyres,
Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its weal above their own.
With the Chief's birth begins our care;
Our harp must soothe the infant heir,
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
His earliest feat of field or chase;
In peace, in war, our rank we keep,

We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,
Nor leave him till we pour our verse —
A doleful tribute! — o'er his hearse.
Then let me share his captive lot;
It is my right — deny it not!"
"Little we reck," said John of Brent,
"We Southern men, of long descent;
Nor wot we how a name — a word —
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord:
Yet kind my noble landlord's part, —
God bless the house of Beaudesert!
And, but I loved to drive the deer
More than to guide the laboring steer,
I had not dwelt an outcast here.
Come, good old Minstrel, follow me;
Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see."

XII

Then, from a rusted iron hook,
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
Lighted a torch, and Allan led
Through grated arch and passage dread.
Portals they passed, where, deep within,
Spoke prisoner's moan and fetters' din;
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,
And many a hideous engine grim,
For wrenching joint and crushing limb,
By artists formed who deemed it shame
And sin to give their work a name.
They halted at a low-browed porch,
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
While bolt and chain he backward rolled,

And made the bar unhasp its hold.
They entered: — 'twas a prison-room
Of stern security and gloom,
Yet not a dungeon; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,
And rude and antique garniture
Decked the sad walls and oaken floor,
Such as the rugged days of old
Deemed fit for captive noble's hold.
"Here," said De Brent, "thou mayst remain
Till the °Leech visit him again.
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
To tend the noble prisoner well."
Retiring then the bolt he drew,
And the lock's murmurs growled anew.
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
A captive feebly raised his head;
The wondering Minstrel looked, and knew —
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
They, erring, deemed the Chief he sought.

XIII

As the tall ship, whose lofty °prore
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand, —
So on his couch lay Roderick Dhu!
And oft his fevered limbs he threw
In toss abrupt, as when her sides
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Yet cannot heave her from her seat; —

O, how unlike her course at sea!
Or his free step on hill and lea!—
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan, —
"What of thy lady? — of my clan? —
My mother? — Douglas? — tell me all!
Have they been ruined in my fall?
Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here?
Yet speak, — speak boldly, — do not fear." —
For Allan, who his mood well knew,
Was choked with grief and terror too. —
"Who fought? — who fled? — Old man, be brief; —
Some might, — for they had lost their Chief.
Who basely live — who bravely died?"
"O, calm thee, Chief!" the Minstrel cried,
"Ellen is safe!" "For that thank Heaven!"
"And hopes are for the Douglas given; —
The Lady Margaret, too, is well;
And, for thy clan, — on field or fell,
Has never harp of minstrel told
Of combat fought so true and bold.
Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,
Though many a goodly bough is rent."

XIV

The Chieftain reared his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Checkered his swarthy brow and cheeks.
"Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
With measure bold on festal day,
In yon lone isle, — again where ne'er
Shall harper play or warrior hear! —
That stirring air that peals on high,

O'er Dermid's race our victory. —
Strike it! — and then, — for well thou canst, —
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight,
When met my clan the Saxon might.
I'll listen, till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then
For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it soared from battle fray."
The trembling Bard with awe obeyed, —
Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witnessed from the mountain's height,
With what old Bertram told at night,
Awakened the full power of song,
And bore him in career along; —
As shallop launched on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

XV

°BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE

"The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray —
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand! —
There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,

Upon her eyry nods the °erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams? —
I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero boune for battle-strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

XVI

"Their light-armed archers far and near
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their °barded horsemen in the rear
The stern °battalia crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;

Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road.
Their °vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

XVII

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their flight they ply —
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear.

Onward they drive in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood? —
'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!' —
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That °serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levelled low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide. —
'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their °Tinchel cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame.'°

XVIII

"Bearing before them in their course
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if a hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank

Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,—
'My banner-man, advance!
I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.
Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance!'—
The horsemen dashed among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And refluent through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain-sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

XIX

"Now westward rolls the battle's din,
That deep and °doubling pass within.—
Minstrel, away! the work of fate
Is bearing on; its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.

Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.
The sun is set; — the clouds are met,
The lowering scowl of heaven
An inky hue of livid blue
To the deep lake has given;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk again.
I heeded not the eddying surge,
Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge,
Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,
Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.
Nearer it comes — the dim-wood glen
The martial flood disgorged again,
But not in mingled tide;
The plaided warriors of the North
High on the mountain thunder forth
And overhang its side,
While by the lake below appears
The darkening cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shattered band,
Eying their foemen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tattered sail,
That flings its fragments to the gale,
And broken arms and disarray
Marked the fell havoc of the day.

XX

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxons stood in sullen trance.

Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried: 'Behold yon isle!—
See! none are left to guard its strand
But women weak, that wring the hand:
'Tis there of yore the robber band
Their booty wont to pile;—
My purse, with °bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.'
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corselet rung,
He plunged him in the wave:—
All saw the deed,—the purpose knew,
And to their clamors Benvenue
A mingled echo gave;
The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven:
A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,
Her billows reared their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
For round him showered, mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael.
In vain.—He nears the isle—and lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.
Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;
I marked °Duncraggan's widowed dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,

°A naked dirk gleamed in her hand: —
It darkened, — but amid the moan
Of waves I heard a dying groan; —
Another flash! — the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI

"'Revenge! revenge!' the Saxons cried,
The Gaels' exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprung from his horse, and from a crag
Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rung forth a °truce-note high and wide,
While, in the Monarch's name, afar
A herald's voice forbade the war,
For Bothwell's lord and Roderick bold
Were both, he said, in captive hold." —
But here the lay made sudden stand,
The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy:
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand kept feeble time;
That motion ceased, — yet °feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song;
At length, no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can hear;

His face grows sharp, — his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy;
Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
His parting breath stout Roderick Dhu! —
Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit passed;
But when he saw that life was fled,
He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

XXII

LAMENT

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
For thee, shall none a requiem say? —
For thee who loved the minstrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
The shelter of her exiled line,
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honored Pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.
O, woe for Alpine's honored Pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
And, when its notes awake again,
°Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honored Pine."

XXIII

Ellen the while, with bursting heart,
Remained in lordly bower apart,
Where played, with many-colored gleams,
Through °storied pane the rising beams.
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lightened up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
Scarce drew one curious glance astray;
Or if she looked, 'twas but to say,
With better omen dawned the day
In that lone isle, where waved on high
The dun-deer's hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra, crouching by her side,
Her station claimed with jealous pride,
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,
Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts betrayed.

Those who such simple joys have known
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.
But sudden, see, she lifts her head,
The window seeks with cautious tread.
What distant music has the power
To win her in this woful hour?
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung

XXIV

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN

"My hawk is tired of °perch and hood,
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is °meet for me.

"I hate to learn the ebb of time
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

"No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;

A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee, —
'That life is lost to love and me!"

XXV

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
The listener had not turned her head,
It trickled still, the starting tear,
When light a footstep struck her ear,
And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near.
She turned the hastier, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.
"O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said;
"How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt — " "O say not so!
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lay his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come! 'tis more than time,
He holds his court at morning prime."
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung.
Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whispered hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half 'stayed,
Through gallery fair and high arcade,
Till at his touch its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

XXVI

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even,
And from their tissue fancy frames
Aerial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid;
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed;
For him she sought who owned this state,
The dreaded Prince whose will was fate! —
She gazed on many a princely port
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed, —
Then turned bewildered and amazed,
For all stood bare; and in the room
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent,
On him each courtier's eye was bent;
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring, —
°And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King!

XXVII

°As wreath of snow on mountain-breast
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands, —

She showed the ring, — she clasped her hands.
O, not a moment could he brook,
The generous Prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her, — and, the while,
Checked with a glance the circle's smile;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
And bade her terrors be dismissed: —
"Yes, fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask naught for Douglas; — yester even,
His Prince and he have much forgiven;
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
We would not, to the vulgar crowd,
Yield what they craved with clamor loud;
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided and our laws.
I stanched thy father's death-feud stern
With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn;
And Bothwell's Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our throne. —
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid:
Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

XXVIII

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power, —

When it can say with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On nature's raptures long should pry;
He stepped between — "Nay, Douglas, nay,
Steal not my proselyte away!
The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.
Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,
'Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils, — for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdoun claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause."
Then, in a tone apart and low, —
"Ah, little traitress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Benvenue
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!"
Aloud he spoke: "Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring, —
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

XXIX

Full well the conscious maiden guessed
He probed the weakness of her breast;
But with that consciousness there came

A lightening of her fears for Græme,
And more she deemed the Monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him who for her sire
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.
"Forbear thy suit: — the King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand; —
My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live! —
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?"
Blushing, she turned her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wished her sire to speak
The suit that °stained her glowing cheek.
"Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
Malcolm, come forth!" — and, at the word,
Down kneeled the Græme to Scotland's Lord.
"For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
°Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought amid thy faithful clan
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonoring thus thy loyal name. —
Fetters and warder for the °Græme!"
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

°HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp! 851
Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly °cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone. —
That I °o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

°Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire, 864
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell;
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell —
And now, 'tis silent all! — Enchantress, fare thee well!

NOTES

CANTO FIRST

Line 2. **Witch-elm.** The drooping, broad-leaved elm of Scotland, whose twigs were formerly used as divining-rods.

Saint Fillan. A Scotch abbot of the eighth century. He had several springs. This one was probably the Holy Pool west of Loch Earn, in which insane people used to be dipped.

> "Thence to Saint Fillan's blessed well,
> Whose springs can frenzied dreams dispel
> And the crazed brain restore."
>
> — *Marmion*, I. 509.

3. **Numbers.** Eighteenth century for *verses*.

4. **Envious ivy.** Why envious?

10. **Caledon.** Caledonia, Roman name for Scotland.

14. **According pause.** Pause filled by the harp accompaniment. MS. reads: —

> "At each according pause thou spokest aloud,
> Thine ardent sympathy sublime and high."

Which is better, and why?

How is this prelude a fitting introduction?

29. **Monan's rill.** Saint Monan was a Scotch martyr of the fourth century.

31. **Glenartney.** See map. Do you know the hazel? Learn all the plants mentioned.

32. **Beacon.** Why beacon?

33. **Benvoirlich.** *Ben* is Gaelic for *mountain.*

34. **Deep-mouthed.** Cf. Shakespeare, *1 Henry VI.*, II. iv. 12, "Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth."

38–41. **As . . . haste.** Notice simile. Have you seen Landseer's picture, "The Monarch of the Glen"?

45. **Beamed frontlet.** Antlered forehead.

46. **Adown.** A poetic word not permitted in prose. Make a list of all such words that you find.

47. **Tainted gale.** Meaning of "tainted" here?

53. **Uam-Var.** An ancient robber stronghold.

54. **Yelled . . . pack.** Prose order? Notice force of inversion and of opening trochee.

Opening. Barking when the view opened.

66. **Cairn.** Unusual use of the word. What?

68. **Ken.** Find other words from the same root. Read the stanza aloud to get the effect of its crescendo and diminuendo.

71. **Linn.** Cascade? Pool?

81. **Breathe.** Transitive.

84. **Shrewdly.** Severely.

85. **Burst.** What part of speech?

89. **Menteith.** Borders of river Teith.

91. **Moss.** Boggy place. Have you read Crockett's *The Men of the Mosshags?* It is the obverse of Scott's *Old Mortality.*

93. **Lochard.** Appears in *Rob Roy* and *Waverley.*

95. **Loch Achray.** The eastern outlet of the Trosachs Pass.

102. **'Twere.** What part of the verb?

103–113. **As swept . . . Follow the hunt upon the map.**

112. **Brigg of Turk.** *Brigg* means *bridge*. Read Burns's "The Brigs of Ayr."

117. **Embossed.** Old hunting expression.

120. **Saint Hubert's breed.** Scott says, quoting from an old writer, "These are the hounds which the abbots of Saint Hubert have always kept some of their race or kind in honor or remembrance of the saint, which was a hunter with Saint Eustace. Whereupon we may conceive that (by the grace of God) all good huntsmen shall follow them into paradise."

127. **Quarry.** The animal hunted.

131. **Mountain.** Which?

138. **Whinyard.** Short thick knife.

142. **Turned him.** Reflexive use, found in older writers. A Latinism.

145. **Trosachs.** The wild country near Lochs Katrine and Vennachar, especially the pass between Lochs Katrine and Achray.

147. **Couched.** Syntax?

150. **Amain.** Cf. "with might and main." Derivation of word? Milton's *Lycidas*, l. 111, speaking of Saint Peter's keys:

"The golden opes, the iron shuts amain."

151. **Chiding.** See l. 287. Cf. *1 Henry IV.*, III. i. 45.

"The sea that chides the banks of England."

Explain the faded metaphor.

163. **Seine.** Where is the Seine? At the end of the poem recall this allusion and find out when and why the hunter visited the Seine.

166–67. **Woe worth.** Woe be to.

184–277. **The western waves . . . bare.** Try to learn this description "by heart," having first hunted out all the delicate

touches which make it exquisite. Scott was able to describe so perfectly because he had learned to see so accurately and lovingly.

195. **Native bulwarks.** MS. reads, "The mimic castle of the pass."

196. **Tower.** See Gen. xi. 1–9.

208. **Sheen.** Adj., bright.

212. **Boon.** Adj. Derivation?

217. **Bower.** Dwelling, home, A.-S. *búr*. Cf. Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, cxxvii. 7. In domestic use the word is applied to any private sitting-room. Cf. "in hall or bower." Neighbor (*neah-búr*) is from same root.

218. **Foxglove and nightshade.** Mr. Ruskin, in his *Modern Painters*, III., refers to Scott's habit of drawing a slight moral from every scene — and that this slight moral is almost always melancholy. "He seems to have been constantly rebuking his own worldly pride and vanity, but purposefully." This is one of the illustrations given. But is the idea Scott's, or only Ruskin's?

228–229. **Where . . . sky.** Notice this bit.

254–260. **And now . . . won.** True until the present road was made.

256. **Nice.** Used correctly, not in schoolgirl fashion, "a nice gown," "nice chocolate creams."

258. **Broom.** What royal family used the broom as its emblem, and was named therefrom? Was any one in this poem descended from that family?

262. **Living gold.** Why living? Study a photograph of Loch Katrine.

269. **Sentinel enchanted land.** Did Scott suspect that he himself was to be the Enchanter? Derivation and history of *enchanted*.

274. **Wildering.** Poetic contraction.

285. **Cloister.** Here a monastery, not the inner covered walk.

290. **Should lave.** Cf. MS., "did lave."

293. **Matins.** Do you see any connection between *matins* and *matinée*?

297. **To drop . . . knell.** Explain.

302. **Beshrew.** A very gentle curse.

321–322. **Oak . . . rock.** This is an imperfect rhyme. Distinguish such from Scotch pronunciation.

331. **Silver strand.** Really such.

342. **Naiad.** See mythology for this and line 344.

348. **Sportive toil.** Explain contradiction.

352. **Courtly.** Here, belonging to the court. Cf. Milton's *Comus*, 323–326.

353. **Measured.** Governed by court etiquette.

362. **A Chieftain's daughter.** Proofs, 363–364.

363. **Snood.** The silken ribbon about the flowing hair which distinguishes a Scotch maiden from a matron.

Plaid. See note on 321–322 above.

377. **Confessed.** How different from present meaning?

384. **Indignant spirit.** Illustrate from Scottish history.

385. **One only passion.** Cf. Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 157 "When there is in it but one only man."

404. **Prune.** Arrange damaged plumage.

408. **Wont.** Past tense of Anglo-Saxon *wonan*, to dwell. Here used as a present, meaning "are wont."

409. **On . . . sage.** Show force of personification.

413. **Forward and frolic.** What part of speech?

425. **Slighting.** Paying little attention to.

433. **Open.** What do you know of Highland hospitality?

438. **Couch.** Heather.

441. **Mere.** Lake, as in Grasmere, where Scott used to visit the nature-poet, Wordsworth.

443. **Rood.** Cross, a common oath. What palace was named from the rood?

449. **Fair.** Young lady. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. i. 182.

457. **As far as.** What is omitted?

457. **Yesternight.** Obsolete, but cf. *yesterday*, *fortnight*.

458–460. **Foretold . . . bent.** Ask some old Scotch lady to tell you instances of second sight.

461. **Dappled.** Spotted. Cf. Milton's *L'Allegro*, l. 44.

464. **Lincoln Green.** Made in Lincoln. Cf. the dress of Robin Hood's merry men.

475. **Errant-knight.** What was a knight-errant?

476. **Sooth.** Adj., truthful.

478. **Emprise.** Enterprise, but a more poetic word.

490. **Frequent.** Part of speech? Find other similar examples of such exchange.

492. **Rocky Isle.** "It is a little island, but very famous in Romance land as 'Ellen's Isle'; for Ellen . . . was the name of the Lady of the Lake. . . . It is mostly composed of dark gray rocks, mottled with pale and gray lichen, peeping out here and there amid trees that mantle them, — chiefly light, graceful birches, intermingled with red-berried mountain ashes and a few dark green spiry pines. . . . A more poetic, romantic retreat could hardly be imagined; it is unique. It is completely hidden, not only by the trees, but also by an undergrowth of beautiful and abundant ferns and the loveliest of heather." — HUNNEWELL'S *Lands of Scott*.

500. **Winded.** Why did he not say *wound?*

504. **Here, for retreat.** Scott says in a note: "The Celtic chief-

tains . . . had usually, in the most retired spot of their domain, some place of retreat . . . a tower, a cavern, or a rustic hut in a strong and secluded situation. One of these last gave refuge to the unfortunate Charles Edward, in his perilous wanderings after the battle of Culloden.

525. **Idæan vine.** *Idæan* is derived from Mt. Ida near Troy. Read the opening stanza of Tennyson's *Œnone* for the description of the home of another "fay in fairy land."

528. **Plant . . . bear.** Ellipsis. Common in Shakespeare.

545. **Trophies.** An interesting word. Find its cousins. This whole description might have applied to a room in one of Scott's own residences.

558. **Tapestry.** How many syllables here? What is tapestry?

566. **Brook.** Endure.

573. **Ferragus or Ascabart** (Ascapart). Two fabulous sons of the giant Anak. See Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso.*

580. **Though . . . knew.** Meaning?

587. **Fellest.** Most dreadful.

591. **Snowdoun.** Former name for Stirling Castle.

596. **Wot.** Knows. We still use "to wit," the noun *wit*, etc.

602. **Require.** Ask, merely, as always in Elizabethan English.

616. **Weird women.** Watch for alliteration and see how it adds to the music. What did Ellen mean?

622. **Harp unseen.** "They (the Highlanders) delight much in music, but chiefly in harps and clairschoes of their own fashion: . . . the strings of the harps [are made] of sinews. . . . They take great pleasure to deck their harps and clairschoes with silver and precious stones." — SCOTT.

624–648. **Soldier . . . stamping.** Notice the effect of the trochaic measure. How do you explain the indentation of the margin?

631. **Dewing.** Bedewing. Cf. Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, II. i. 230, "The honey-heavy dew of slumber."

638. **Pibroch.** A Highland air usually played on the martial bagpipe; or the bagpipe itself. Cf. Whittier's "The Pipes at Lucknow": —

"Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills,
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills.

* * * * * *

"Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch,
O'er mountain, glen, and glade,
But the sweetest of all music,
The pipes at Lucknow played."

642. **Bittern . . . drum.** Cf. Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, l. 44, "the hollow-sounding bittern."

651. **Cadence.** Originally a falling.

655. **Spells.** Carrying out the idea of "weird Sisters."

669. **Dreamed.** Transitive?

674–706. **In broken dreams . . . woke.** Interpret his dream. If you cannot, keep it in mind.

704. **Grisly.** Horrible and weird; a favorite word in old poetry

721. **Aspens.** Why are they especially mentioned? Follow out the metaphor.

731. **Douglas.** See *Tales of a Grandfather*.

732. **Brand.** Sword.

738. **Orisons.** Prayers. Find other words from same root.

745. **Morning dawned.** Why does the canto close with the dawn and not with undisturbed repose?

General Questions on Canto First

1. Poetry differs from prose in respect to its mission and style. What have you learned in Canto I. regarding each of these? How does the diction of poetry differ from that of prose? The arrangement of the words?

2. Imagine a series of paintings that might be made from descriptions in this Canto.

3. Recall beautiful descriptive passages from your previous reading: passages by Irving, Hawthorne, Ruskin, Muir, Burroughs, and other masters.

4. Collect all the proofs of the delicacy and high breeding of the Knight and his hosts. Are they characteristics of the Highlanders? Have you read Ian Maclaren's sketches of Drumtochty? If so you remember instances of fine courtesy among humble folk.

5. Compare the Knight's reception by Ellen Douglas with that of Ulysses by the Princess Nausicäa as told in the *Odyssey* Book VIII.

CANTO SECOND

Line 7. **Minstrel gray.** "Highland chieftains, to a late period, retained in their service the bard, as a family officer." — Scott. It was the duty of this minstrel to improvise and sing accounts of clan battles and other warlike stories pertaining to the family.

9. Express the subject of this first stanza in two or three words.

10–16. **Not . . . days.** Give carefully in prose order. How many points of resemblance can you find between *benefits*, and the *spray* and *ripple*? Is there a suggestion here that the minstrel guessed the stranger's name?

20. **Battled line.** Line of battle.

30. **Crest.** Helmet or its plumes. Here apparently the head.

35. **Hap.** Misfortune. **Erewhile.** Formerly.

52–53. **Blighted tree.** Note the effectiveness of introducing the tree.

55. **Reverend.** Worthy of reverence.

56. **As from.** As if from.

64. **As . . . fled.** A similar omission.

79. **My lyre.** Whose lyre? Why?

80. **Fair would.** Fair that would. Is *spy* a pleasing word to apply to Ellen's interest?

87. **Prize of festal day.** Refers to tournaments.

94. **Parts.** Departs. Common in our older English.

109. **Graeme.** So spelled for the measure. Usually Graham. An ancient and powerful family who held large tracts in the counties of Dumbarton and Stirling. It included Wallace's comrade, Sir John the Graeme, who fell at Falkirk in 1298; the Marquis of Montrose, sung by Aytoun; and Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, the hero of *Old Mortality*.

115. **Martial.** Derivation. What month is named from the same source?

121. **All unwont.** Construction.

130. **Tuneful fathers.** Earlier bards.

131. **Erst.** Formerly.

Saint Modan. One of the numerous Scotch abbots. He lived in the seventh century.

141. **Bothwell's bannered hall.** A beautiful ruined castle nine miles above Glasgow on the Clyde.

142. **Ere Douglases to ruin driven.** "The Earl of Angus had married the queen dowager, and availed himself of the right which he thus acquired, as well as of his extensive power, to retain

the king [James V.] in a sort of tutelage, which approached very near to captivity. Several open attempts were made to rescue James from this thraldom, with which he was well known to be deeply disgusted; but the valor of the Douglases and their allies gave them the victory in every conflict. At length the king, while residing at Falkland, contrived to escape by night out of his own court and palace, and rode full speed to Stirling Castle, where the governor, who was of the opposite faction, joyfully received him." Scott goes on to tell how James then summoned such peers as were hostile to the Douglas, and they decided to call the great earl, his brother and other kin, to appear before a certain day, or be banished. "But the earl appeared not, nor none for him; and so he was put to the horn, with all his kin and friends: so many as were contained in the summons, that compeared not, were banished, and were holden traitors to the king."

159. **From Tweed to Spey.** The southern and northern border rivers of Scotland, respectively.

170. **Reave.** Tear away. We still use participle *reft*. Cf. *bereave* and *bereft*.

170–171. **The . . . grieve.** What was the stem? What the foliage?

200. **Bleeding Heart.** The cognizance of the Douglas, because Robert Bruce, dying, bequeathed his heart to his friend, Lord James Douglas. The story of its adventure with the Moslems is familiar. The heart is now in Melrose Abbey.

206. **Strathspey.** A Highland dance. See note to line 159.

214. **Loch Lomond.** The largest lake in Scotland, about twenty-three miles by five.

216. **Lennox foray.** The Lennox family lived south of Loch Lomond. This means a foray into their territory.

220. **Black Sir Roderick.** *Dhu* is Gaelic for *Black*.

221. **Holy-Rood.** Holyrood Palace. Such murders were not uncommon, even in the presence of the sovereign. Cf. the death of Rizzio, the favorite of Mary Queen of Scots.

235. **Guerdon.** A fine poetic word for reward.

236. **Dispensation.** Formal permission from the Pope for the two cousins to marry each other.

242–245. **That . . . mane.** Note antithesis.

254. **Shrouds.** Protects. Cf., in *Comus*, line 147, "run to your shrouds."

260. **Votaress.** A woman set apart from the world by a solemn vow.

Maronnan's cell. A little chapel on the eastern side of Loch Lomond.

270. **Bracklinn.** A cascade near Callander.

271 **Save.** Unless.

272. **Chafe.** Mood of *chafe?*

274. **Claymore.** The large sword used by the Gaels.

287–300. Do you think Ellen was prejudiced?

294. **Shadowy plaid.** To fit his title of "the Black."

306. **Tine-man.** The unfortunate Archibald, third Earl of Douglas, who was so called because he *tined* or *lost* all his battles.

307. **What time.** At the time when.

308. **Hotspur.** The famous Percy of Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*

309. **Self-unscabbarded.** See Canto I., lines 536 and 537.

319. **Beltane game.** May-day game. *Beltane* = Bealltain or Beal's fire. *Beal* is probably Gaelic for *sun*, though the origin of the word is very obscure. In the Celtic beltane, or May-day, celebration, great bonfires were kindled on the hills.

331–438. Could a hero be introduced in a more stirring manner?

335. **Glengyle.** A valley at the north end of Loch Katrine.

340. **Bannered Pine.** The banner bearing the pine as an emblem.

360. **Wailed.** Meaning?

368. **Battered earth.** Why called battered?

392. **Burden.** Chorus.

405. **Bourgeon.** Bud.

408. **Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu.** "Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine," an epithet belonging to him as the head of the clan.

416. **Menteith.** See note to Canto I., l. 89.

Breadalbane. A district between Lochs Lomond and Tay.

Notice the effect of the dactylic metre of this song. Can you recall any other poem of the same metre? Tennyson's *Charge of the Light Brigade* is one example.

419. **Glen Fruin.** Southwest of Loch Lomond, and overhung by Bannochar Castle. See next line.

420. **Slogan.** War cry.

421. **Glen Luss and Ross-dhu.** Valleys near Glen Fruin.

423. **Saxon.** Lowland.

426. **Leven-glen.** Towards the Clyde.

431. **Rosebud.** Who is meant?

465–472. **Some . . . head.** Please memorize.

476. **Weeped.** For the rhyme.

497. **Percy's Norman pennon.** Captured in the foray which led to the battle of Otterburn, in 1388. See ballads of *Chevy Chase.*

504. **Waned crescent.** An allusion to the author's friends of the house of Buccleugh. This family was defeated in its efforts to restore James V. to his power.

506. **Blantyre.** A priory near Bothwell Castle.

513. **Out-beggars all.** Makes all seem poor in comparison.

525. **Unhooded.** With head uncovered for flight.

527. **Goddess.** Apparently Diana. Is this consistent with lines just preceding?

534–563. Almost a photograph.

548. **Ben Lomond.** The highest of the Scottish mountains, though only 3192 feet.

549. **Sob.** Panting.

551. **Frank.** Derivation of word?

574. **Glenfinlas.** See map.

577. **Royal ward.** The king was guardian of such noble orphans as were under age.

583. **Strath-Endrick.** A valley drained by Endrick Water, southeast of Loch Lomond.

606. **Glozing.** Glossing, or smoothing over, the truth. Cf. *Comus*, line 161, "well-placed words of glozing courtesy."

615. **Vindictive pride.** Scott says, "In 1529 James made a convention at Edinburgh for the purpose of considering the best mode of quelling the Border robbers, who, during the license of his minority and the troubles which followed, had committed many exorbitances." With a hastily gathered army of ten thousand men he swept through Ettrick Forest and hanged several leaders. Among them was one, Piers Cockburn, who is said to have prepared a feast for the king's reception.

623–626. The Meggat flows into the Yarrow, the Yarrow into the Ettrick; the Ettrick and Teviot flow into the Tweed, on whose banks lived Walter Scott.

634. **Fate of Border Chivalry.** Scott tells us that James strove equally to restrain rapine and feudal oppression in every part of his dominions.

637. **Espial.** Discovery. A poetic word.

638. Streight. Strait, difficulty.

659. Bleeding Heart. The Douglas clan, by metonymy.

678. Links of Forth. Its windings near Stirling. Cf. *The Lord of the Isles*, VI. xix.

> "Old Stirling's towers arose in light,
> And twined in links of silver bright
> Her winding river lay."

679. Porch. Gate. Derivation?

690–691. Till . . . again. Precise meaning of these lines?

692. There are who have. An ellipsis.

694. Beetled. Overhung. Cf. "a beetling brow."

702. Battled. Battlemented.

708. Astound. The contracted participle.

713. Explain the details of the sustained figure in this stanza.

718. Hectic. Unhealthfully excited.

731. Level. Aim.

732–737. 'Twas I . . . slanderous tongues. Note the pathos.

747. Nighted. Benighted.

757. Checkered shroud. His plaid.

773. Minion. (French, *mignon*.) Originally a loved one later, as here, a servile fawning favorite.

801. Pity 'twere. The Highlander's contempt for any approach to effeminacy.

805. Lackey. Verb.

809. Henchman. A sort of secretary, expected to be ready to give his life for his master. Therefore he used to stand behind his master's seat at drinking-bouts, to resent any offensive speech.

829. On the morn. Modifies "should circle."

831. Fiery Cross. See next Canto.

839. **Rolled.** Grammatical construction?

846. **Point.** Appoint or point out.

Canto I. ended with morning. This one ends with evening and moonlight. Is there any artistic reason?

GENERAL QUESTIONS ON CANTO SECOND

1. What element enters largely into Canto II. that appeared but little in Canto I.?

2. What will be the difference in the tone of two cantos, one of which is full of nature, the other of human life and emotions?

3. Mention the human passions displayed in Canto II. and prove your list by quotations.

4. Which Canto has the more movement?

5. What is the effect of minute detail in description? Show this in "The return of Clan Alpine"; the description in Canto I. of the Lodge.

6. What is the spirit of the introduction to Canto II.?

7. Of each stanza of the boat song?

8. What impression have you now of Malcolm Graeme?

9. Tell the story of Canto II. in from thirty-five to forty words: of Canto I.

CANTO THIRD

LINE 3. **Store.** Adj., now obsolete. Cf. I. 548.

4. **Happed.** Chanced.

9–10. Connection between these two stanzas.

15. **What time.** Cf. II. l. 307.

17. **Gathering sound.** Sound to call the gathering.

18. **The Fiery Cross.** Scott says: "When a chieftain designed to summon his clan, upon any sudden or important emergency, he slew a goat, and, making a cross of any light wood, seared the

extremities in the fire, and extinguished them in the blood of the animal. This was called the *Fiery Cross*, also *Crean Tarigh*, or the *Cross of Shame*, because disobedience to what the symbol implied, inferred infamy." This was carried by relays of swift messengers, and every able-bodied man, between sixteen years and sixty, on sight of it was obliged to hasten to the meeting-place. "During the civil war of 1745–46, the Fiery Cross often made its circuit; and upon one occasion it passed through the district of Breadalbane, a tract of thirty-two miles, in three hours."

19–40. **The Summer dawn's . . . love.** Why is this peaceful picture introduced here?

30. **Chalice.** Cup.

39. **Cushat dove.** Ring-dove.

40. In speaking of Scott's use of color, Ruskin quotes the above passage, which he says "has no *form* in it at all except in one word (chalice), but wholly composes its imagery either of color, or of that delicate half-believed life which we have seen to be so important an element in modern landscape." What does he mean by "half-believed life"?

46. **Impatient blade.** Transferred epithet.

47. **Vassals.** Dependents of a feudal lord.

51. **Preface meet.** Fitting preparation.

57. **Sails.** What is meant? Cf. Deut. xxxii. 11.

62. **Rowan.** Mountain ash.

63. **Shivers.** Slivers.

69–70. **His . . . bore.** Explain.

74. **Benharrow.** Mountain at head of Loch Lomond.

76. **Druid.** See early British history.

81. **Hallowed.** Christian.

87. **Strath.** A broad river valley. Watch for its compounds.

91. This legend was borrowed by Scott from some old tales

Mediæval heroes were apt to have supernatural origins, as King Arthur and Sigurd.

104. **Fieldfare.** A small brownish thrush.

130. **Hap.** See note to II., l. 35.

131. MS. "Till, driven to frenzy, he believed
The legend of his birth received."

138. **Sable-lettered.** Black-lettered, like all old English books.

142. **Cabala.** Mysteries.

162. **Disembodied world.** World bereft of human beings.

168. **Ben-Shie.** Cf. Irish *Banshee*. A domestic spirit whose wailings foreboded death.

171. **Shingly.** Pebbly.

174. **All augured . . . line.** Explain.

188–189. **Crosslet . . . cubit's.** Little cross, in length the distance from the elbow to the tip of the forefinger.

191. **Inch-Cailliach.** "Isle of Nuns" in Loch Lomond.

199–281. Make a study of the different curses and responses, the means by which the weird effect is produced, the climax of each curse, and see which is the most terrible.

200. **Sepulchral yew.** Because common in graveyards.

212. **Strook.** Old past of *strike*.

213–217. **And first . . . hoarse.** See how the sound, including alliteration, carries out the sense.

220–221. **Joyous, exulting.** At the thought of prey.

255. **Beala-nam-bo.** Pass the other side of Benvenue from Goblin's Cave.

278. **Grace.** Forgiveness.

279. **This sign.** Sign of the cross.

286. **Lanrick Mead.** At northwestern end of Loch Vennachar.

288 *et seq.* Make especial study of Malise's run. It is one of the finest things in the poem. Note the various touches by which the feeling of breathless speed is produced.

300. **Dun deer's hide.** A sort of buskin or moccasin.

304. **Steepy.** Steep; poetic.

310. **Scaur.** Cliff. Same as *scar*. Cf. *Scarborough*, and Tennyson's *Bugle Song*, "O sweet and far, from cliff and scar."

322–347. **Fast . . . loud.** Note details.

332. **Cheer.** Look.

344. **Bosky.** Woody.

349. **Duncraggan.** Near Brigg of Turk.

369. **Coronach.** A funeral lamentation, mingled with praise of the dead. What is the effect of the amphibrachic movement?

"He | is gone on | the mountain,
He | is lost to | the forest,
Like | a summer|-dried fountain
When | our need was | the sorest."

384. **Flushing.** With its full color and beauty.

386. **Correi.** Hollow frequented by game.

387. **Cumber.** Puzzling difficulty.

393. Study all comparisons in the above song.

394. **Stumah.** "Faithful," the dog.

403. **Precipitate.** Headlong.

425. **Essays.** Tries.

439. **Hest.** Command.

How do we know that Duncan was Roderick's right-hand man? What makes the pathos of this description, farther than that there was a death?

453. Scott summarizes this imaginary passage of the Fiery

Cross as being to Duncraggan, toward Callander until it turns to the left for the Chapel of Saint Bride, then from that vicinity along Loch Lubnaig through the glens of Balquidder, including the neighboring Glenfinlas and Strathgartney.

453. **Strath-Ire.** Connecting Lochs Voil and Lubnaig.

465. **Reeled his sympathetic eye.** Dizzy from gazing at the dancing water.

478. **Blithesome rout.** Merry company.

Morning-tide. Cf. *Eastertide*, *Christmastide*.

480. **Tombea.** A certain hamlet.

482. **Gothic.** Pointed.

485–499. **Bonneted sire . . . cheer.** Can you picture the various individuals?

485. **Coif-clad.** Wearing a sort of cap or kerchief, the sign of the matron as distinguished from the virgin's snood.

533–534. **Mingled . . . fame.** What do these lines mean?

542. **Like fire . . . flint.** Explain simile.

544. **Song.** How does the versification of this differ from the main part of the poem?

546. **Bracken.** Ferns, "brakes."

569. **Not faster.** Conclusion of this sentence?

Braes. Hillsides. Cf. "Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon."

570. **Balquidder.** At eastern end of Loch Voil. The burial-place of Rob Roy.

577. **Coil.** Confusion. A Shakespearean word.

599–600. **No oath . . . command.** These lines show the absolute obedience of the clansmen to a Highland chieftain.

607–609. **Rednock, Cardross, Duchray.** Castles on the route.

611. **Wot ye.** Know ye. Cf. Bible.

633. **Incumbent.** Overhanging; used literally. This grotto was supposed to be inhabited by a sort of Scottish Satyr or lubberly Brownie.

641. **Still.** Noun, stillness.

643. **Chafed with.** Blew over surface, roughening it. Cf. *Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 101, "The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores." Originally *chafe* meant "to warm" (chafing-dish); then "to warm by rubbing"; finally "to fret."

651–658. **Yet . . . gaze.** What besides the seclusion of the entrance made Douglas and his daughter safe in the cave?

672. **Single page.** According to Scott, the regular officers attached to a Highland chief were: (1) the *henchman;* (2) the *bard;* (3) the *bladier*, or spokesman; (4) the *gillie-more*, or sword-bearer [alluded to in this line]; (5) a *gillie*, who bore the chief across the fords; (6) a *gillie* to lead the horse; (7) a *baggageman;* (8) a *piper;* (9) a *piper's gillie.*

683–684. **Feathers . . . gleam.** Explain.

696. Why flaxen band?

713–736. Notice arrangement of rhymes.

Is this a prayer to the Virgin Mary?

737–750. **Died . . . shot.** Notice how dramatic this is.

751. **That silvery bay.** What one?

758. **Some . . . strayed.** Do you like this line? Why not?

GENERAL QUESTIONS ON CANTO THIRD

1. What relics of ancient superstition are seen in this Canto?
2. Make a list of the synonyms for "curse."
3. Compare the Monk with Robin Hood's Friar Tuck.
4. Why is the imagery in the Coronach especially appropriate to the death of Duncan?
5. Make a picture in your own words of the Goblin Cave. Draw one if you can.

6. What contrasts are presented in this Canto?

7. How does its tone differ from that of Canto I.? of Canto II.?

8. Make an abstract of this Canto, one short sentence to each stanza.

CANTO FOURTH

5. Wilding. A poetic word, daintier than *wild*.

Whom. Because personified by address.

31. Eagle watch. Watch sharp as an eagle's.

36. Boune. Prepared.

37. Doune. An old castle on the Teith.

42. Inured . . . bout. Trained to endure such hard fortune.

63. Taghairm. "A person was wrapped in the skin of a newly slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed; and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination passed for the inspiration of the disembodied spirits who haunt these desolate recesses." — SCOTT.

73. Kerns. Light-armed soldiers in the Highlands and Ireland.

74. Beal'maha. A pass on the east of Loch Lomond.

77. Dennan's Row. Now Rowardennan, the usual point for ascending Ben Lomond.

82. Boss. Central knob on a shield.

83. Verge. Pronounced to rhyme with *Targe*.

84. Targe. Shield.

98. While . . . broke. While the deer is quartered.

112. Sentient. Possessing feeling.

115. Rouse. Intransitive. Stand on end.

132. **Which . . . life.** Modifies *party*.

139. **Self-offered.** Offered by himself. Is this clear?

150. **Glaive.** Sword.

153. **Sable pale.** Heraldic terms. A broad perpendicular stripe of black in the middle of the shield.

164. **Shaggy glen.** The word *Trosachs* itself means "bristling country."

174. **Stance.** Station.

213–214. **My . . . his.** Cf. Brutus's Portia, "so fathered and so husbanded." Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, II. i. 297.

217. **Rife.** Everywhere prevalent.

223. **Trowed.** Believed. Cf. *troth*.

227. **Both.** Refers to whom?

231. **Cambus-kenneth's fane.** Cambus-kenneth Abbey, near Stirling.

245. **Bode of.** Forebode.

249. **Presaged.** Foretold.

261. Read another ballad, — one of Robin Hood, the *Nut-Browne Mayde*, or *Chevy Chase*, and compare with this modern one, which Scott based on an old Danish ballad.

262. **Mavis and merle.** Thrush and blackbird.

267. **Wold.** Open country. The word *wold* is from the Anglo-Saxon *weald* and originally meant forest, then waste ground, then plain or upland.

277. **Vest of pall.** Rich crimson or purple stuff of which palls (mantles) were made. Latin, *pallium*.

285. **Vair.** Squirrel's fur.

298. **Woned.** Dwelt.

306. **Fairies' . . . green.** Refers perhaps to the green caps of the

little hill-people, or green habits of the "Men of Peace." (Stop at this point for a little review of fairy-lore, and one or two fairy stories. Cf. Drake's *The Culprit Fay*, and Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.)

330. **Kindly.** Kindred.

349. **Inconstant.** Ever taking new forms.

358. **Durst sign.** Dared to make the sign of the cross upon his brow.

371. **Dumfermline.** The residence and burial-place of many Scottish kings, Robert Bruce being the last of them. It is seventeen miles from Edinburgh.

387. **Bourne.** Boundary.

392. **Augur scathe.** Foresee danger.

395. **Conjure.** *Him* understood. Adjure.

399. **Had . . . bribed.** Would not have been bribed.

417. **Before.** When?

421. **Atone.** Atone for.

424. **Forth . . . shall.** It shall be said.

430. **Infamy.** Merely disgrace here.

456–460. Try to see the picture in your mind's eye.

471. **Lordship.** Lordly domain.

Embattled field. Battle-field.

473. **Who . . . land.** Modifies I. **Reck of** = care for.

477. **Signet.** Ring.

478. **Claim thy suit.** Secure your request.

500. **Fared.** Journeyed, a beautiful obsolete word. Cf. *railway fare*, *farewell*, *wayfarer*, *welfare*.

506. **Weeds.** Garments. We still say "widow's weeds."

508. **Glancing . . . eye.** *Glancing* modifies *eye*.

531–532. **Allan and Devan.** Two Perthshire streams.

555. **Maudlin's charge.** An insane asylum. Contracted from *Magdalen.* Cf. "Maudlin" College, Oxford, colloquial for "Mary Magdalen's."

559. **Pitched . . . bar.** In athletic contests.

562. **Pennons.** Wings. She is preparing to fly to her murdered lover.

567. **Batten.** Fatten.

571. **Meet.** Appropriate.

590. Jeffrey objects to this song on the ground that a maniac would not sing a sensible warning song. Can you answer his objection?

The . . . set. The nets and stakes are prepared for the stag of ten (ten branches on its horns). The stag is James Fitz-James. Who are the hunters and the wounded doe?

617. **Thrilled in.** Pierced.

630. **Pine.** Appropriateness of the pine?

642. **Daggled.** Besmeared, soaked.

686. **Favor.** Token of affection for his lady, worn by a knight.

687. **Imbrue.** Moisten. 698. **Hoar.** Does this mean aged?

722. **Summer Solstice.** Summer's greatest heat.

734–750. **Thy name . . spy.** Notice omission of verbs to add strength.

744. **Privilege . . . chase.** Explained by following lines. Interpret the figure.

780. **Stranger.** Noun.

787. **Coilantogle's Ford.** On the Teith just below Loch Vennachar.

798. **Purpled.** Morning again, as in Canto I. How did Canto III. end?

o

GENERAL QUESTIONS ON CANTO FOURTH

1. Compare this lovely prelude with Burns's

"My love is like the red, red rose."

2. Tell the story of Ellen from the beginning of the poem through this Canto, and point out, with your evidence, all the traits which you have discovered in her. Is Malcolm a satisfactory suitor for her hand?

3. What do you know of fairy-lore? Tell the prettiest fairy story that you know.

4. How does the impression left by the second visit of Fitz-James differ from that of his first?

5. Tell the story of poor Blanche, and why she warns Snowdoun's Knight. How did she know that he was in danger?

6. You have already found exhibitions of Highland hospitality; what others appear in the latter part of this Canto?

7. Note the various means by which the effect of weirdness is produced.

8. Who was the Lady of the Lake? What lake? Precisely where is it? "The Chase" — by whom, of what, where, and how ended? "The Island" — what island? Who were its occupants? "The Gathering" — why, where, of whom, how made? "The Prophecy" — what was it? Who made it? To whom?

9. How much time has been covered by the action of these four cantos?

CANTO FIFTH

2. **Pilgrim.** Here apparently a mere traveller.

8. **Martial Faith.** Why martial?

Does this introduction change our feeling toward **Roderick Dhu**?

14. **Dappled.** Flecked with spots. See note to l.. l. 461.

34–35. **Diamond dew . . . Beauty's tear.** Does this seem too effusive?

44. **Rugged mountain's scanty cloak.** Note the resemblance between the mountain and the Highlanders.

46. **Shingles.** Coarse gravel and broken stone.

64. **Sooth to tell.** To tell the truth.

77. **Mechanic laws.** Grammatical construction of *mechanic?*

85. **Danger's self.** Is this a true touch?

86–111. What fatal mistake did Roderick make?

108. **Regent's court.** The Regent was Albany (l. 124), a cousin of James IV., whom the Scottish nobles called home from France to assume the reins of government after that monarch was slain at Flodden Field. It was a disorderly time, full of feuds.

119. **Holy-Rood.** Cf. II. 221.

125. **Truncheon.** Sceptre or baton.

126. **Mewed.** Confined, as in a cage.

152–153. **Sires . . . claymore.** The target and claymore were weapons of the Britons from earliest times.

Note the fire and effectiveness of the whole dispute.

169. **Seek other cause.** A foray was considered by the Highlanders an honorable undertaking. Scott says that the Gael never forgot that the Lowlands at some remote period had belonged to his ancestors, and so were fair prey.

176–177. **I seek . . . maid.** Dependent upon *warning;* "warning that I seek," etc.

196–227. "The *chef d'œuvre* of Walter Scott."

Notice how every detail helps the whole.

230. **Manned himself.** Furnished himself with strength. Cf. "Theodosius having manned himself with proper reflections," Addison, as quoted by Webster.

246. **Mother earth . . . birth.** Is this an allusion to Cadmus? See Classic Myths.

253. **Jack.** A cheap leather substitute for coat of mail.

262. **Fear naught.** Why was there no need to say that?

270. **I only meant.** Scott explains: "This incident, like some other passages in the poem, illustrative of the character of the ancient Gael, is not imaginary, but borrowed from fact." It was taken from the adventures of an Englishman with a famous free-booter, John Gunn.

277. **Flood.** Flow; to rhyme with *blood*.

298. **Three mighty lakes.** Katrine, Achray, and Vennachar.

301. **Mouldering lines.** The remains of a Roman camp, probably built in the time of Agricola.

309. **Murderous Chief, ruthless man.** Cf. the preceding words of Fitz-James.

329–330. **Prophet bred . . . dead.** Cf. III. 91, and IV. 124–125.

334. **Read.** Interpreted.

336. **Stark and stiff.** Difference?

356. **Carpet knight.** A Shakespearean expression. A hero of the drawing room; one who has not known the hardships of the field.

364. **Truce . . . begone.** "Let this be the end of delay and pity."

378. **Dubious.** As to its issue.

383. **Trained abroad.** In France.

390. **Blade . . . blood.** Explain the figure.

406. **Recreant.** Coward.

408. **Toil.** Snare.

424. **Dagger.** The only weapon he had left.

443–444. **Yet . . . give.** Explain these lines.

452. **Squires.** The attendants of a knight.

462. **Fairer freight.** Ellen.

466. **Boune.** Ready. One of Scott's favorite words; *checkered* is another.

470–532. **Stand . . . won.** Select words expressing motion.

486. **Pricked.** Spurred.

The places named are those where Scott had visited friends in his younger days.

496. **Mark just glance.** Perceive, quickly to meet the eye and then to disappear.

509. **His.** Antecedent?

525. **Saint Serle.** A very obscure saint, but the only one whose name rhymes with *earl*.

532. **Postern gate.** Rear gate.

533. **Douglas.** Why had the Douglas come?

544. **Bride of heaven.** A nun. The convent was the common haven of high-born maidens.

551. **Fatal mound.** The place where many state criminals had been executed, situated on the northeast of the castle.

558. **Franciscan steeple.** Grayfriars' Church, built by James IV. Here John Knox preached the sermon for the coronation of James VI.

562. **Morrice-dancers.** The morrice, or morris, dance was one originally borrowed from the Moors. It is described in Scott's *Abbot*.

583–592. **Bending low . . . nods.** Notice how the king's manner varies according to the station of the subject.

602. **Mean burgher's.** Does *mean* modify *burgher's*, or *joys*?

606. **Feudal power.** At home a lord, here a scorned vassal.

610. **Their checkered bands.** Whose bands? Why checkered?

611. **Bell at heel.** A morrice-dancer wore from 20 to 252 bells on each leg.

613. **Butts.** The marks at which the archers shot.

614. **Robin Hood.** At such festivals as this the games often represented Robin Hood and his merry men.

630. **Wight.** Here probably an adjective, valiant or strong.

632–633. Cf. with the wrestling match in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, I. ii.

638. **Fare.** The manner in which he fared.

641. **A golden ring.** "The usual prize of a wrestling was a ram and a ring, but the animal would have embarrassed my story." — SCOTT. Did he plan the coincidence in that a ring had also been given to Douglas's daughter?

653. **Rood.** Rod.

660. **Ladies' Rock.** A point between the castle and Greyfriars' Church, much used for viewing the games.

680–691. **Thus judged . . . known.** Is this a universal truth?

692. **Gambols.** Usually applied to children, or to the lower animals.

709. **Struck . . . hound.** Remember Scott's love of dogs.

724. **Needs but a buffet.** Needs but a buffet to fell the groom.

740. **Misproud.** Wrongly proud.

747. **Ward.** Confinement.

752. **Misarray.** Disorder.

776. **These.** Antecedent? This seems satirical. See the nobility of nature shown by the Douglas.

783. **Kind.** Kindred.

794. **Ward.** Ward off.

810. **Trailing arms.** As at a soldier's funeral.

819. **Common fool.** Was *fool* suggested by the French *foule*, a

crowd? Cf. Shakespeare's "fool multitude," *Merchant of Venice*, II. ix. 26.

830–832. See *Marmion*, Canto VI., l. 902: "O woman, in our hours of ease," *et seq.*

838. **Cognizance.** Heraldic markings.

847. **Loose.** Ungovernable.

856. **Lost it.** Explain what was lost.

868. **Vulgar.** Crowd. Latin, *vulgus.*

882. **Civil jar.** Civil war.

887. **Earl William.** The Douglas who was stabbed at Stirling by James II.

898. **Pennons brown.** Explain this closing personification.

GENERAL QUESTIONS ON CANTO FIFTH

1. Find the little touches which make this account of the combat so vivid and forceful.

2. What was the exact cause of the quarrel?

3. What were the standing causes of feud between Lowlander and Highlander?

4. Is there any artistic reason for the reference (ll. 301–303) to Rome's empire over this region?

5. How do you interpret the lines

> "Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
> Then yield to Fate, and not to me"?

6. How did each combatant evince his courtesy? Was it to have been equally expected of each?

7. How does the description of the sports at Stirling afford a pleasing respite from the combat?

8. Why was this a skilful method of introducing the Douglas to the King and to us?

9. Make out a careful outline of this Canto, filling in the subtopics: —

INTRODUCTION.

The stars of Faith and Courtesy shining amid war clouds.

BODY.

I. On the way to Coilantogle Ford. Stanzas II.–XII.

II. The Challenge and Reply. Stanzas XIII.–XIV.

III. The Combat. Stanzas XV.–XVII.

IV. On the way to Stirling. Stanzas XVIII.–XXI.

V. The Games. Stanzas XXII.–XXVI.

VI. The Outlaw and his King. Stanzas XXVII.–XXX.

VII. Message of intended Battle. Stanzas XXXI.–XXXII.

CONCLUSION.

The coming of Sorrowful Evening.

CANTO SIXTH

2. **Dark city.** Stirling.

3. **Caitiff.** Wretch. Often with a dishonorable meaning.

9. **Kind nurse of men.** Cf. *2 Henry IV.*, III. i. 5, and other references to sleep in Shakespeare, notably in *Macbeth*.

15. **Gyve.** Fetter for the ankle.

42. **Harness.** Armor of man and horse.

47. **Adventurers.** Scott tells that James V. was the first to introduce a body-guard of mercenaries, in contrast to the ordinary Scottish army, which was composed of the barons and their retainers.

53. **Fleming.** A native of Flanders, a fertile country.

60. **Halberd.** See picture in Webster's Dictionary.

63. **Holytide** Holiday.

65. **Fray.** See hint at close of Canto V.

78. **Trent.** A river in eastern England.

87. **Troll.** Sing. An old ballad word.

88. **Buxom.** Lively. The derivation and history are interesting.

129. **Glee-maiden.** A little girl who accompanied the mediæval juggler, and did tumbling and dancing. Therefore the epithet was gross disrespect to Ellen.

132. **No, comrade.** How dignified is Bertram.

136. **Purvey.** Furnish.

152. **Tartan screen.** The plaid with which she had covered her head.

167. **I shame me.** I am ashamed. *Shame* was used thus reflexively in our older English.

170. **Needwood.** A royal forest in Staffordshire, England. He had been outlawed from England for deer shooting.

183. **Tullibardine.** A home of the Murrays, some twenty miles from Stirling.

199. **Errant Damosel.** Like the damsels described in mediæval times, the feminine counterpart of the knight-errant.

212. **This ring . . . own.** Prose order?

214–215. **Mean . . . failed.** Was not this a lame apology?

222. **Permit . . . way.** "Permit me to lead you."

234. **Barret-cap.** Cloth cap. He wore the purse as a knight wore a favor.

242. **Master's face.** Douglas. It was the minstrel's duty to be with his patriarchal chief.

265. **But I loved.** "Unless I had loved."

269. **Thy Lord.** Brent misunderstands him and takes him to Roderick.

295. **Leech.** Physician.

306. **Prore.** Poetic for *prow*. Latin, *prora*.

319–320. **Lady . . . Douglas.** Note the order of the questions.

336. **Pine.** Explain the reference.

346. **That stirring air.** The song beginning in l. 369.

369. **Beal an Duine.** "A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V." — SCOTT.

377. **Erne.** Eagle.

Study the skill with which the minstrel winds into his subject, and the use made of the thunderstorm.

404. **Barded.** Armored. Many editions have *barbed*.

405. **Battalia.** Army.

414. **Vaward.** Vanguard.

447. **Serried.** Closely packed.

452. **Tinchel.** A circle of hunters surrounding the deer.

454. **As tame.** Complete the thought.

496. **Doubling pass.** Winding pass.

525. **At weary bay.** Wearily at bay.

539. **Bonnet-pieces.** Gold coins on which the king's head wore a bonnet instead of a crown.

565. **Duncraggan's widowed dame.** Cf. III. 428.

567. **Naked dirk.** Unsheathed dirk. One edition has "her husband's dirk" (Rolfe).

583. **Truce-note.** Signal for stay of battle.

594. **Feeling.** Part of speech?

603. **Parting breath.** Was not this a most appropriate passing away for fierce Roderick?

631. **Even she.** Ellen.

638. **Storied pane.** Stained glass windows on which scenes were depicted. Cf. Milton's *Il Penseroso*, l. 159, —

> "And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light."

665. **Perch and hood.** Confinement from the hunt.

672. **Meet.** Fitting.

688. Interpret the *Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman*. Who was the singer?

712. **Stayed.** Supported.

740. **And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King.** James V. was fond of such incognito escapades. Mary Queen of Scots came by her waywardness in fair inheritance from this father.

741–742. **As wreath . . . rest.** Show force of this simile.

769. **Infidel.** Unbeliever, distrustful one.

825. **Stained.** Caused to blush.

832. **Who.** Antecedent?

837. **Warder . . . Graeme.** Has the Graeme shown himself worthy of Ellen's love? Is he painted strongly?

842. **Harp of the North, farewell!** Go back and read the introduction to Canto I. Compare the two.

853. **Cavil.** Criticise sneeringly.

859. **O'erlive.** Outlive.

860–868. Follow the exquisitely dying cadences of the harp.

GENERAL QUESTIONS ON CANTO SIXTH

1. Paraphrase the prelude.
2. How did Ellen secure respect in her unprotected condition?
3. Why was it difficult for John of Brent to understand the clan loyalty of the old minstrel?

4. What does Roderick's death scene tell us of his character more than we already knew?

5. Make a pen picture of this scene.

6. Read the account of the Battle of Flodden Field in *Marmion*, and compare these two stories.

7. In what ways is the metre varied in this story? Can you see the reason?

8. Interpret the Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman, explaining the fitness of the imagery.

9. Has the climax of the story been kept effectually concealed, or have you guessed the personality of Snowdoun's Knight?

10. Make an outline of this Canto like that of Canto V.

QUESTIONS ON ENTIRE POEM

1. Follow the use of the Harp through the entire poem, from the first prelude to the closing lines.

2. Collate all the songs and discover how the verse movement of each song aids its thought.

3. Find all the passages which show the beautiful relation between Ellen and her father.

4. What use does Scott make of natural scenery in this poem? Is it for the simple beauty of its own description, as a background for human action, or is it something still different?

5. From this poem alone what would be your conception of the character and tastes of its author?

6. What have you learned from this poem?

7. Have you enjoyed it? If so, collect all the reasons why it produced the pleasure.

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